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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

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ARTHUR WARNER LUDWIG LEWISOHN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

MANAGING EDITOR

IRITA VAN DOREN

LITERARY EDITOR

ISABEL LA MONTE, ADVERTISING MANAGER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ANATOLE FRANCE

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ROBERT HERRICK

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

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THE appointment of General Charles G. Dawes and Mr. Owen D. Young to serve as American experts on the committee which is to investigate Germany's financial troubles is another step toward our non-political participation in the restoration of Europe, though it must be said that if the Reparation Commission had wished to find out the status of Germany it could have done so long ago. That body has been a tool of the French—nothing more or less; if it is now going to proceed in a detached scientific way, we have advanced. As to the new negotiations between Germany and France, there may be some hope in them, but once more M. Poincaré blocks progress by his statement that there can be no talk of a revision of the treaty and no readjustment of reparations except through the Reparation Commission. Fortunately, there are growing signs that M. Poincaré is learning to change his mind. With the promise of a British Labor ministry in office before long, he does well to reconsider his positions.

ALL right-thinking Americans must be profoundly thankful that at this holiday season we have released the last of our political prisoners sent to jail under war-

time federal laws. One man remains in the toils, it is true, whom the Joint Amnesty Committee included in its appeal, but the circumstances in his case put him on a different footing from that of the men who went to jail because of conscientious beliefs which they were courageous enough to declare in an era of hysteria and blindness. But while we are thankful for the vindication of American honor that has been achieved, and although we give full praise to President Coolidge for his part in it, we cannot but feel a certain sadness that this act of justice has come only after some of the men have served more than five years in jail, after prisoners convicted in similar circumstances in Europe had long since been released, and after the opposition of official Washington had been worn down by a prolonged process of attrition and erosion. Neither can we forget that the fight for victims of free speech and opinion is not over. The federal government has released its political prisoners but there are 127 men in Washington, Kansas, Oklahoma, Idaho, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and California (ninety-seven in the latter State alone) imprisoned under absurd and unjustifiable anti-syndicalism laws. We must now voice an aggressive demand for the release of these men and—unless the Supreme Court declares such statutes unconstitutional—for the repeal of the laws as well.

THE action of the Republican National Committee in yielding to the demands of Negro voters and the exigencies of the Coolidge candidacy by restoring the unfair and unjust representation of the Southern States in the Republican National Convention cannot be too strongly censured. It took years of agitation, and President Harding's assistance, to get rid of this scandal on June 17, 1920. Its restoration now is proof positive of the alarm of the presidential machine and of the determination of the President's backers to dominate the convention. There could be no stronger argument for the abolition of the party convention as it now exists. For there is not one single honest reason which can be advanced for the restoration of a system which has no other purpose than to make easy the control, by bribery and corruption, of delegates who represent only a handful of voters.

REVEALING as to the undercurrents of the De la Huerta conspiracy in Mexico is a tiny paragraph in the State Department's announcement of December 11 as printed in the *New York Times*: "The American consul at Frontera, Tabasco, Robert L. Rankin, telegraphed the Department at 10 a.m., December 10, that the garrison at Frontera revolted at noon December 9 in favor of De la Huerta. The commanding officer was killed and a number of Bolsheviks were executed." Thus a United States consul and the official machinery at Washington help propagate the assumption that any Calles adherent is *ipso facto* a "Bolshevik." The American press, too, has manfully whooped it up for reaction in its news columns. On the first day it reported nine Mexican states in revolt. With at least one accession daily every one of the twenty-eight states has since been recorded as anti-government. The *Chicago Tribune* declared in a special dispatch on December 17 that

De la Huerta "is in control of the whole Yucatan peninsula" and that the governor of the state of Yucatan, Felipe Carrillo, "the leading Mexican exponent of Communism," had fled. The facts are that after ten days the revolt, except for isolated mutinies at widely scattered points and a few individual defections, is still confined to the armies of General Estrada in Jalisco and Colima, and of General Sanchez in Vera Cruz. This is not to say that the effects of De la Huerta's treason—especially the material damage—are negligible. But the rebels cannot expect to win. As indicated by documents printed in our International Relations Section, the organized workers have rallied around Obregon, who in this grave crisis and with the country an armed camp, has kept his democratic faith by refusing to curtail the liberty of the press.

PRAISE be! Even in the church the stirrings of progress will not down. No sooner does Bishop Manning rebuke Percy Grant and soundly lecture Dr. Guthrie than Dr. Parks gets up in his pulpit to announce his heresy as to the Virgin birth. More than that, hundreds of other clergymen through their modernist association fling down the gage. Surely this shows once more the folly of trying to sit on a church lid; it proves that, even within the church, men's consciences are alive and that their thoughts refuse to be bound by the heresy hunters. Therein lies the one hope of the church. If it stands still, if it is to be Bryanized, it will die. As for the Episcopal bishops, they have been dared by Dr. Parks to try a fellow of their size instead of putting the Bishop of Texas up to picking on an unknown rector in his diocese. Bishop Manning will find it difficult, indeed, to put on trial the rector of one of New York's most fashionable churches, representing so many millions and so much power.

THE interchangeability of the Republican and Democratic parties when it comes to combating a real effort to make headway against the "system" in Washington requires no better demonstration than the action of Senator Bruce of Maryland, Democrat, in voting for a Republican when there was danger of the election of a progressive Democratic Senator to the chairmanship of the Interstate Commerce Commission in place of Mr. Cummins. Wall Street pins its faith to Cummins; if he goes down, if a so-called radical succeeds him, it will lie awake o' nights in anguish as to what may happen to the Esch-Cummins law and the railroads. Therefore it is not surprising to learn that Senator Bruce was overwhelmed with telegrams of approval for his action. We shall, moreover, not be surprised if other Democrats are found, if necessary, to bolt their own nominee for the chairmanship. We hope they will be, for the Bruce bolt has stirred public opinion not a little in the progressive West. Anything which demonstrates anew the essential twinship of the existing major parties will be of value the country over. Meanwhile, judging from the agonized protests in the conservative press, Congress is rapidly going to the radical bow-wows. Thus Louis Seibold, political correspondent of the New York *Herald*, telegraphs in alarm that Congress will soon be wrecked if the majority Republicans and the minority Democrats do not immediately strike hands to prevent the La Follette group "from making alliances which would eventually result in disaster to both." Many heretofore conservative Repre-

sentatives and Senators are considering whether they should not ally themselves with these radicals who have recently done so well at the polls. Mr. Seibold reports that there are enough of these "to help Mr. La Follette achieve his ambition of destroying both the major parties." Who would think from this that Mr. La Follette has never yet bolted his own party?

SO Frank B. Kellogg has been confirmed as our Ambassador to Great Britain and that high office sinks lower than in the lifetime of any living man. President Coolidge has broken not only with the elder tradition that men of statesmen's stature should represent us in London; he has abandoned the more modern idea of having a literary man speak for us at the Court of St. James's. Mr. Kellogg is merely a conventional second-rate lawyer, an ex-Senator discredited and overwhelmingly defeated by his constituency, and we have heard no sound reasons advanced for his appointment save that he is a "lame duck" and should have a nice big office to wind up his career. We cannot even follow the current gossip that his selection is connected with the Coolidge candidacy. If Mr. Coolidge's backers have any sense, they must know that to identify his cause in Minnesota with Mr. Kellogg is to injure it irreparably.

THE death of John R. Rathom of the *Providence Journal* recalls one of the most despicable episodes of the entire war period—the wholesale lying of that newspaper as to its alleged discoveries of unwarranted activity by the German representatives in this country. Münchhausen was a tyro by comparison; yet these stories went all over the country and are doubtless still believed by multitudes. Mr. Rathom himself came into tremendous vogue as an after-dinner speaker and was engaged by the *World's Work* to write a series for it which it advertised thus:

How the devilishly cunning plots to kill our people, sink our ships, dynamite our factories, and disrupt our national life were run down and thwarted. More thrilling than fiction, and withal the most patriotic service to America since the war began. It is the modestly told story of a brave editor and resourceful reporters who beat the Germans at their own game. After one article the series suddenly stopped and it then appeared that on February 12, 1918, Rathom, under the compulsion of the United States Government and by advice of counsel, signed a confession (printed in *The Nation* for November 17, 1920) admitting the falsity, or such exaggeration that it equaled falsity, of almost all his alleged revelations. To a number of deliberate misstatements he pleaded guilty. Thereafter Mr. Rathom's career as an after-dinner speaker and newspaper romancer ceased. The *World* called him at the time a "faker" whose confession is "one which for comprehensive avowals of downright falsehood has few parallels in the annals of mendacity." Yet this confession did not prevent his being retained as manager of the *Providence Journal* and, *mirabile dictu*, continuing to sit as a member of the executive committee of the board of directors of the Associated Press.

ONE happy result which is the immediate consequence of Labor's gain and Premier Baldwin's loss in the British elections is the decision to abandon the construction of a naval base at Singapore. The cancelation of the proposed tour of the Earl of Cavan to Singapore and Australasia is regarded as tantamount to throwing the

project over, the British press pointing out that as no succeeding cabinet, Liberal or Labor, would be likely to indorse the enterprise, Mr. Baldwin has concluded that the \$50,000,000 involved can be better used to relieve the economic distress and widespread unemployment at home. Thus Great Britain is saved not only from a huge economic waste but from an action which would have called for similar expenditure by other countries and must have measurably increased the provocations to war of which the world is already too full. Fortunately the Dutch Government's proposal to erect counter-fortifications in the East was recently squelched by its opponents in the legislature, and need not be revived. If now Secretary Hughes will recall our naval mission to Brazil, which is so upsetting South America, the world will have taken some substantial steps in the direction of peace and good-will.

THE chess game of diplomacy never stops. The players sometimes pause long over their pieces, but they finally move them in just such a formal check-and-counter-check game as of yore. Mussolini found himself excluded by France and England from the Tangier conference; so he turned to Soviet Russia and likewise made an alliance with fascist Spain which threatens control of the Mediterranean trade route. Let no one romanticize over the sympathy of these three dictatorships; similarities in their form of government have nothing to do with this alliance. England and France are trying to edge Spain out of Morocco and to exclude Italy from a conference of Mediterranean Powers. Naturally, Italy and Spain turned to each other; naturally also Mussolini looked to the pariah nation of Europe for help against the two dominant Powers. So the chess game goes on, and the pawns suffer. There is good reason to believe that Mr. Baldwin's reported assent to part of the French policy in the Ruhr was not unrelated to the moves of Mussolini.

LOANS of 400,000,000 francs to Poland and of 300,000,000 to Yugoslavia have been approved by the committees on finance and foreign affairs of the French Senate. The proposed 100,000,000-franc loan to Rumania is postponed for further consideration. The New York *Evening Post* reports from Washington that France also plans a 500,000-million franc loan to Hungary, and the Paris correspondent of the New York *World* explains that "a large portion of the proposed loan to Hungary will be sunk in metallurgical works undertaken and controlled by the Schneiders, the powerful magnates of the French war industry, who recently acquired the famous Skoda works, the Austrian Krupps, (now in Czecho-Slovakia), where the big guns were made that smashed the forts of Liège at the beginning of the war." *These loans are to be spent for munitions either now on hand or to be manufactured in France.* They represent a policy of deliberate militarization of the lesser nations of Europe. America is not, to be sure, in a position to adopt a very much holier-than-thou attitude. John F. Sinclair, the Minneapolis investment banker, has pointed out through the North American Newspaper Alliance that Poland's foreign debt has already grown to \$270,000,000, in which is included \$24,000,000 owed to the United States Grain Corporation, \$51,000,000 to the American Relief Administration, \$57,000,000 to the United States Liquidation Commission (for military

supplies?), \$4,000,000 to our Shipping Board, \$24,000,000 to our War Department, and \$2,000,000 to the Navy Department. Some of these loans might bear explanation—they are all post-war issues.

EVEN a good law can provide a foolish or timid or tyrannical government with dangerous technical weapons, as for example the Cable law which holds, among other things, that an alien woman may not acquire American citizenship through marrying an American, but must become naturalized herself. The unreasonable use to which such a reasonable piece of legislation can be put is shown in the case of Anna Lerner. Mrs. Lerner was born in Russia but has lived in this country since she was six years old; she is now twenty. Her father died before he could take out naturalization papers and she is still too young to acquire citizenship herself. Two years ago Anna Lerner went to Russia to join the Kuzbas industrial colony, and there she married Noah Lerner, another colonist, an American citizen, and a World War veteran. Her husband came home ahead of her; early last summer he sent back passage money, and Mrs. Lerner went to Riga to sail for the United States. The American consul at Riga refused to visa her passport; the head of the visa division of the Department of State rejected her application; and finally Secretary Hughes himself has decided that Anna Lerner is a dangerous alien who had best be kept out. In everything but a technical sense this girl is American. Her family all live here, her three brothers are citizens, her husband lives here, she was brought up and educated in Philadelphia, she speaks no Russian. In coming back to the United States she would not only be rejoining her husband, she would be coming home. Well, she may not come home. She is a Communist; she went to Russia, and to the limit of her eighteen-year-old abilities tried to help Russian industry to its feet—and Secretary Hughes is afraid that Anna wants to overthrow the Government of the United States.

EACH year the *Dial* makes an award of \$2,000 to the contributor during that year whose total literary production is in the opinion of the editors most striking and most full of promise. Sherwood Anderson received the first award, T. S. Eliot the second, and the third has just been given to Van Wyck Brooks. In "Letters and Leadership" Mr. Brooks has set forth fine and distinguished ideals for the practice of letters in America. It is true that he almost completely lacks humor, and that he expects of American literature the qualities which at present would be but little representative of American life—order and a conscious striving toward intelligent perfection. In "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" he studies his protagonist almost solely with the purpose of finding out how far he has fulfilled, or been permitted by his native culture to fulfil, the obligation of leadership imposed upon him by his art. For Mr. Brooks the consciousness of this obligation is at once the penalty, the reward, and the measure of the artist. The sporadic robustness, the experimental and often crude groping after some vague accomplishment which is so much a part of the growth of American letters are qualities which do not interest him. Nevertheless, the ideal of a perfect if somewhat cool culture, led on and nourished by the practice of letters, is a noble one and deserves the steadily increasing following which Mr. Brooks has won for it.

Thou Shalt Not Despair

TO GEORGE W. NORRIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR, GREETING:

FOR twenty years you have sat in the seats of the powerful in Washington and served your country faithfully and well. During all that time, unlike many of your legislative associates, your soul has been your own, your voice the voice of reason and justice, your vote the vote of conscience. Wherever you have gone men have respected you, political opponents have envied and feared you. They saw you enter the Senate a reformer, a progressive; some among them laughed cynically and, pointing to many an example in the Senate Chamber, declared: "The system will overcome him." The system found itself baffled by a brave and honest man. The years passed; you were progressive still. The Great War came, beclouding men's minds, instilling passion into their hearts, making them give out only words of hate and unreason. You remained clear in vision, temperate of speech, loyal to the core. You voted against the war which was a crime against America and its every ideal, and in so doing you kept the American faith. You have kept it ever since. *Always* you have been the captain of your soul.

And now today, twenty years after your entrance into public life in Washington, you tell us that it is all in vain, that you are laying down your burdens, that you will not return to your constituents seeking anew their votes and their approval. The "system" has conquered you, not by bribes, or by illusions, but by sheer weariness and the force of repeated disappointments. In homely language you declare: "Under the present conditions in Washington and conditions which have existed ever since I came to Congress, it is almost impossible to obtain effective legislation in the interest of the people. I have been bucking this game for twenty years and there is no way of beating it. I've done all I could. Now I'm through." "His lined face," writes the correspondent who took down these words of yours, "his tired eyes, his hair grown white, the resignation of his speech and gesture, all testify to his utter weariness, and his words are almost despairing." We realize how the strain has told; we are aware that you have held your office all these years without any other financial resources than your salary and that this has added enormously to your difficulties and constantly kept you in the background when it would have been to the public welfare had you been free to travel, to speak, and to study. We understand full well the wear and tear of the daily senatorial drudgery upon him who is worthy of the office. We know that the fulness of years approaches—you have passed your sixty-second birthday. And yet, understanding all this, we can but say to you this is no time to flinch.

It is the wrong hour for loss of faith or confession of defeat; the wrong hour to lay down burdens, however they may bind and chafe. For in America the skies are clearing. Everywhere people's eyes are being opened, everywhere there are signs of an awakening to the real costs of the war, a growing appreciation of the wisdom of those who stood against it and have been justified by its total failure to salvage the world and by the destruction of human and moral values which has followed in its train. Everywhere there are indications that the inevitable period of black reaction is drawing to a close, that the tide

of liberalism is rising again. Truth is abroad in the land once more and the sober common sense of the plain people of Lincoln is beginning to make itself felt. The day of the fooling of nearly all the people is once more almost at an end. New allies and new friends are sitting at your right and at your left in the chamber you have so long graced. Then why surrender now? To you, Senator, the brightening political skies should be an imperative summons, not to lay down the fight, but to take it up anew.

It was you, George W. Norris, who when a Representative, led the successful fight against Cannonism in the House. If there is a new fight on now against the Congressmen of special privilege, it is, however, true that the conditions today are not as bad as when you led the fray. More than that, political progress means repeated battles and a never-ending series of victories and defeats, as it is the law of our life that each succeeding generation must fight some of our battles over again. Not all; some are won for all time. It was you who led in numerous struggles to better the plight of the farmer you know and understand so well. If his situation is again acute, perhaps more so than ever before, that is no reason for despair and no excuse for retirement from the dust and the heat of the day. On the contrary, it is the very reason why the plume of Richmond should wave above them all. Even if it were failure, as you allege, which moves you to lay down your arms now, why then it is once more necessary to say that not failure but low aim is crime. The aim must be to fight to the very last no matter what the odds. The very worth of your service, the very fidelity with which you have wrought and battled, is the unanswerable reason why you, a patriot of the finest water, should stay in harness until the last. Do you not remember Cyrano de Bergerac? His dying eyes see a thousand foes round about him; his failing rapier thrusts to the end at Prejudice, Hypocrisy, Compromise, Cowardice, Stupidity:

I know I shall be beaten by your might.
What matters it! I fight! I fight! I fight!

And there was Terentius Varro, Roman consul. Have you forgotten him? He and his fellow-consul lost their battle to the enemy; his comrade fell. But when Varro returned to Rome with his beaten legions, the populace and the Senate greeted him with acclaim, for, they said, "in the darkest hour he had not despaired of the republic."

If it were in our power, Senator Norris, we should have an outpouring of the populace upon the plaza behind the noblest building in the world, within which you labor. We should have no patricians, no lictors, no centurions, and no pro-consuls in the gathering—only the humblest of our citizens, attired not in garments of ceremony but in the garb of arduous toil. We should have them call you forth and ask that you still serve on. We believe that you would not be able to resist such a call to further service, for you have been of the humble and you have labored for the lowly. For these, until the end of time, must their champions forswear rest and peace and content. We cannot by any magic wand call forth this gathering; we must continue to see it in our mind's eye. But on its behalf we speak its unspoken words: "*Thou shalt not despair.*"

The Case of the Fundamentalists

OUR psychoanalyst friends are having a lot of fun with the Fundamentalist brethren. What repressed desires, what envy and bitterness, find outlet in the zeal with which these Christian soldiers refuse to sit at meat with such enemies of Christ as Dr. Fosdick and sentence to hell all poor sinners who happen to doubt, or not to care, whether Jesus of Nazareth was born of a virgin! Yet such intolerance is not peculiar to religious controversy. A newspaper columnist has suggested that he knows men who would people hell with those who do not reverence the books of Joseph Conrad. Doubtless in private life these Fundamentalist champions of Jehovah who send their enemies to an eternal hell are good neighbors and stern foes of cruelty even to animals. In a world of nationalists, Ku Klux Klans, and embattled labor internationals there is, alas, nothing strange in intolerance.

What gives Fundamentalism its strange savor is its reassertion of the ancient faith that no mundane affair is comparable in importance to eternal salvation and that eternal salvation by fiat of God depends upon the acceptance of His revealed scheme of things. In this conviction the Fundamentalists have the general backing of the church. To be sure, the greatest of the Catholic fathers and Protestant reformers alike would look with suspicion on the Baptist brother who would reduce the essentials of faith to belief in the deity of Christ, his Virgin birth and bodily resurrection. They would also protest against the brethren who would make the ancient faith in the imminent return of the risen Christ an essential dogma of Christianity. Nevertheless, despite some vagaries, in its general conception of God, the universe, and salvation, Fundamentalism is undoubtedly in the main stream of Christian tradition while Modernism represents a religious revolution as far-reaching as the Protestant Reformation.

Those liberals who insist that they are only reinterpreting the essential truths of Christianity in the thought forms of a modern world have to go very far back—back not only to the Gospels but to a critical interpretation of the Gospels—to rid themselves of all those theological dogmas which they reject. In the Baptist church the lack of a rigid creed and the liberty of the individual conscience make the lot of the liberals somewhat easier. But in creedal churches like the Episcopal and the Presbyterian they fight at a certain disadvantage. When the Episcopal bishops say that the doctrine of the Virgin birth is an integral part of the accepted creeds, and should be accepted by the clergy, the statement seems plausible to the layman in the pew and the man in the street. It is not easy to answer such an argument as the Philadelphia convention of Presbyterian Fundamentalists set forth:

We believe that men should be as free to teach as the winds are to blow. But we also believe that the Presbyterian church is a church whose creed in the most explicit and unmistakable language commits its ministers to certain definite views of Christ and the Scriptures. No men should be ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian church who cannot cheerfully accept its doctrinal teachings; and to countenance in Presbyterian pulpits a teaching which violates the creed of the church is as contrary to right as it is contrary to common sense.

It is not enough to say in reply that liberals are good men or fine preachers. It is not enough to talk of tolerance. All that may have a psychological effect on the churches;

but logically it is necessary to prove that creeds do not mean what they say or are more elastic than they seem. Far be it from us to declare such proof impossible. We are not theologians and our sympathies are with the liberals, but it does seem as if the symbolic and eclectic sense in which Modernists are forced to accept the Bible and the creeds was a decided handicap in the battle before them.

But whatever the difficulties, from the standpoint of sound religion and clear thinking it is well that the battle should be joined and not evaded. The true answer to Fundamentalism, as the Fundamentalists realize, is not a plea for a comprehensive church. It is proof that Fundamentalism is wrong in its understanding of God's plan for salvation. If it is right, not it but God is to blame for the whimsical cruelty with which men are sent to damnation.

And when one begins to speak of God in this universe of ours, not all the questions asked of the Modernists will come from the Fundamentalists. Some there will be who accepting the beauty of the modernist theology will perhaps sorrowfully question its truth, while others will point to the fact that enlightened Modernism has been scarcely more successful in making its believers the uncompromising protagonists of a warless world or of human brotherhood than has rigid Fundamentalism.

The Twilight of a Noble Art

THE New York newspapers, which are making such a hullabaloo over what they call "the recrudescence of banditry," seem to be missing the vital point at issue. It is not the increase in banditry but the deterioration in its quality that is distressing. The profession of highwayman or high-sea man is one of the most ancient and honorable of callings—synonymous with imagination, resource, and courage. The names of famous brigands and pirates and buccaneers have come down to us from centuries whose princes and governors—respectable, house-broken, and uninteresting men—have long since been forgotten. Of course there have always been some bad eggs among bandits—some men who were merely cruel and greedy—but the same is equally true of grocers, parsons, and plasterers. Our best bandits have generally fought fair and sometimes chivalrously. Men like Robin Hood have come to be regarded as positive benefactors.

It is disturbing to turn from this picture of when banditry was in flower to the situation in New York and several other large cities. The newspaper estimates of annual losses through banditry are beside the point. It is doubtful if there is any substantial loss of wealth at all—merely a redistribution of it. As equalizers of wealth bandits are much more successful than income-tax laws or regulation of prices; they are more discriminating in their victims than profiteering landlords, bucket-shops, or real estate swindlers. Yet banditry is at ebb tide for all that. The sad fact is that, like journalism and the stage, it has been commercialized; the soul, the glamor, the joy have gone out of it. Our bandits are no longer men of courage and imagination; they are mere thugs and gunmen. They refuse to take a chance—or to give their victims one. They run no more risk than bankers or bootleggers. A once noble and gallant profession has been reduced to a sordid twentieth-century business. It ought forthwith to be admitted to our chambers of commerce and boards of trade.

Apparently the only hope for banditry is to do with it as we are doing with the stage—to revivify it through importations from abroad. For the fine traditions of the profession still persist in Europe. We read with pleasure the other day of how Mucha, the illustrious Polish bandit, was living up to his duties as a citizen and a taxpayer. He made out an itemized income-tax return, giving the date and place of each robbery during the year, with the amount realized in each case, and sent the statement to the proper public officials with the sum due. He did not even charge off anything for depreciation or dependents.

Then there is Romanetti, the popular brigand of Corsica. In the recent senatorial election in the island both the candidates—François Coty, the manufacturer of perfumes, and Adolphe Landry—sought the brigand's aid, but he stoutly maintained that it was beneath his dignity as a gentleman and a robber to take sides. The night before the election the police surrounded the Grand Hotel in Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, saying that they had come to arrest Romanetti, but in the morning they searched the hotel without finding the bandit. Coty was elected. Landry then charged that his rival had ordered the display of police to make the natives think their hero was in conference with the perfume-maker. Coty replied that the police demonstration was to prevent him from communicating with his lieutenants. Whereupon Romanetti wrote to the Paris newspapers declaring that he had had nothing to do with the election, although offered 50,000 francs by one of the candidates. Naturally no clean-handed bandit would soil his fingers with politics.

The Woman Without a Country

If a female citizen of the United States marries a British subject she retains her American nationality and becomes a British subject under British law. If . . . a female British subject marries a United States citizen she becomes stateless.

UNTIL something over a year ago alien women living in the United States could become citizens in three ways: they could remain unmarried and qualify for naturalization; they could marry a citizen; they could marry an alien who became naturalized and acquire citizenship through his act. Unmarried, they were as free to choose as men. Married, they were as helpless as babies. They might live here a lifetime and learn the Constitution by heart, but never, never could they acquire citizenship unless they were married to a citizen. On the other hand they might have reasons for not swearing allegiance to the country of their adoption—willy-nilly they became citizens if they were married to a citizen. American women followed their husbands with the same choiceless submission, and lost their citizenship by the act of marrying an alien.

And so a bill was passed, without any discussion, making the citizenship of women independent of their marital status. American women were to keep their citizenship if they chose, though they married foreigners; alien women must acquire citizenship just as men do—except that a woman marrying a citizen need prove only one year of residence in the United States to be naturalized.

It is easy to pass laws but it is hard to eliminate the chances of personal tragedy resulting from them. Enough

misery accumulated under the old law to wipe it off the books, but the new law has its tragedies as well. One of them, a case of flagrant, vicious cruelty to young Anna Lerner, American in every but a technical sense, is told in detail on page 727. And other cases are piling up. Foreign women come here ignorant of our laws, unused to the idea of an independent status. Their husbands are likely to get out into the current of American life and in time to be naturalized. The women, left to themselves, are most unlikely to. And so, though the law has transformed them into the equals of men, they become in fact unequal before the law. The Woman's Trade Union League in reviewing this situation says:

In a question of separation, financial transaction, divorce and custody of children, the wife's case against the husband is that of an alien against an American citizen. Should the naturalized husband want to rid himself of his wife he has only to persuade her to leave the country on a visit. Her return is that of an alien and therefore problematical. . . . In time of war the father and children may live under the protection of the American flag, while the wife, if an enemy alien, is open to camp detention or deportation.

And not only may an immigrant married woman who fails to become naturalized forfeit the protection of our flag; she may have no other protection. In the course of a recent conference of the British International Law Association devoted to the discussion of the nationality of married women, Dr. Ernest Schuster, a leading English authority, made the statement quoted at the beginning of this article. His concern was with the status of British women married to Americans. Neither here nor in Great Britain have they any legal nationality or any citizenship rights. To the British authorities the Englishwoman married to an American is American and is treated as such, but the United States disowns her. This situation obtains in most countries, although a few have passed laws making it possible for a woman marrying a foreigner to retain her original nationality if under the law of the husband's country she does not acquire his nationality. The complications which may arise where women have no such protection, especially in matters of travel or immigration, are manifold; and decidedly more painful than those of the American woman married to an Englishman, who can claim the privileges of British subject and of American citizen wherever she may go. In 1922 a joint committee of both houses of Parliament in England was appointed to look into the proposal to adopt the American law, but it appears to be indefinitely deadlocked. It is to be hoped that the difficulties which have cropped up under our new system will not discourage other countries from a change which would have the advantage of ending the anomalous situation now existing between them and the United States, as well as equalizing the status of men and women. The International Woman's Suffrage Alliance has already proposed a general adoption by all countries of the principle that a woman's nationality should be determined without respect to her marital status; this would wipe out the present international difficulties. In the United States a vigorous campaign should be set on foot by labor organizations and social agencies of all sorts to make the position of alien women clear to them.

Finally, should not the United States take the lead in calling an international conference, to adopt, if possible, some uniform principles in establishing nationality? We have international codes in regard to navigation, postal service, and the like. Why not in regard to citizenship?

When We Americans Dine

A Symposium on the Great American Dinner

(On October 17 we commented editorially on an "American dinner" that was served to Mr. Lloyd George in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. In our next issue there was a spirited criticism of this editorial by the Drifter, and thereafter the rain of correspondence which poured into the office suggested that the subject had aroused more interest and passion among our readers than the occupation of the Ruhr, the price of coal, or the shortcomings of the administration at Washington. So we referred the controversy to several of the authors of articles in our series on These United States, with the request that they would serve the readers of The Nation with a home dinner typical of their section of the country. They responded enthusiastically; dinner is served.)

The Supremacy of Beefsteak

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

A MERICAN cooking is in general bad—both public and private. But at that it is better than English cooking. Domestic science taught in the schools and colleges has helped only a little; too often making our cooking decorative, inept, and given to fruit salads, boiled mayonnaise, paper frills, and striped ice cream. But good American dinners may be had in any community. In every town or village is always at least one righteous woman who can cook. And yet whole sections of the land, groups of States, have not one professional man cook worth naming, and no hotel cook who has either distinction or even rudimentary capacity to fry sour apples!

The American dinner typically is seasonal and served somewhat in the degree of familiarity with which the guest is known. In summer an American dinner would contain fried or broiled spring chicken and strawberry shortcake—made with actual shortening. After the strawberries go, comes corn on the cob, blackberry cobbler or green apple dumpling—American dishes of excellence to go with the young chicken. When young chickens become passé, turkey appears with its trimming; and then pie—pumpkin pie, apple pie, or mince pie—is part of the typical American dinner, and the glacé sweet potato, the parsnip, and the rutabaga. Of course ice cream, which of late years has been universally over the earth served, is rather typically American.

Now all this is the company dinner; the dinner for the stranger guest. But when he has been in the house for a week, or if he is a dear and trusted friend, he is served with a beefsteak of parts and consequence—cut two inches thick, broiled "rare," and served with sauce or without it. The beefsteak is American. It is one of the things which may be found in American homes served better than in public—that is in homes where discerning Americans live. A beefsteak is the most American of our dishes. No other nation knows it—this big, thick, rare, four-pound, T-bone steak, seared over on each side and broiled slowly after the searing without anything in the pan—no grease, no water, no foolish condiments. It is not regional. It is as accessible in Seattle as in Palm Beach. But a good beefsteak is the same on

every American table. Around it any dinner that is built scientifically becomes rather keenly American. But it is not the "company" dinner. That clusters around fried chicken, roast turkey, baked ham, or some sectional sea food.

No man ever gets a typical American dinner at a New York hotel. The better the hotel, the less likely one is to get an American dinner and the worse it will be when it is served. Our best hotel cooks have the European tradition. Their American accent is always bad.

À La Maryland

By H. L. MENCKEN

EATING is no longer practiced as a fine art in Maryland. There are, in fact, not three public eating-houses in the whole State where decent victuals are still to be obtained, and even in private houses there has been a melancholy falling off in my time. Prohibition, of course, is to blame. The old-time Maryland gentry are not rich; in the main they can't afford to buy wines and liquors at the current bootlegging prices. So they cease to entertain, for they can no more imagine inviting a civilized guest to a dry dinner than they can imagine putting him to bed with the hogs.

For many years there was a standard Maryland dinner, served with few variations on all festal occasions, public or private. It began with olives and celery, proceeded to a plate of thin soup (usually mock turtle), then to Chesapeake Bay oysters on the half-shell, then to terrapin in the Maryland style, then to roast wild duck, and then to some modest sweet or ice, and coffee. Sometimes a salad was added. If so, it consisted of hearts of lettuce with thin slivers of Maryland country ham; the dressing was always olive oil and vinegar—much more vinegar than oil. The terrapin, always served with terrapin eggs, was stewed in Madeira; the vile cream sauces favored in New York were absolutely unknown. The duck was served bleeding if the guests were New Yorkers, but rather well done if they were cultivated Marylanders. The oysters were always large; no Marylander ever ate a small oyster. The only condiment put upon them was a drop of lemon juice.

With this dinner there went an invariable program of alcoholic beverages. Cocktails were very seldom served; the first drink was almost always a glass of dry sherry. With the terrapin came champagne and with the duck some sound red wine, usually a heavy Burgundy. With the coffee came a liqueur—almost always fine brandy. The highly flavored and scented liqueurs were never served save when harlots were present. After dinner it was proper to put a bottle of Madeira on the table, or, failing that, port.

Such dinners are now only dreams. Prohibition has extinguished them, save in the homes of profiteers. Even the profiteers, alas, can't bring back the past. The Chesapeake Bay oyster has been going downhill for a dozen years past, canvas-back ducks have become extremely scarce, and genuine diamond-back terrapins are almost unobtainable. The Marylander of today eats the common fodder of the republic. Like all other Americans, he has been ironed out.

Where Pie Is King

By DON C. SEITZ

NEW England does not run to course dinners in the ordinary daily fare. The housekeeper usually "concocts" one dish with trimmings. Certain days have a specified menu. Thursday, for example, is the day of the "boiled dinner." This consists of a considerable piece of corned beef cooked with turnips, beets, carrots, and cabbage—plenty of "rubbage," it will be observed. Dinner is a noon, not an evening meal. Supper is light except on Saturday evening, when baked beans and brown bread are insisted upon. If there is company, in fall when the porkers are ripe, this bill of fare may be accepted as perfect:

Baked beans
Roast Spare ribs
Baked potatoes
Biscuit and butter
Pumpkin pie Apple pie
Indian pudding
Tea

Indian pudding is a delicious compound of corn meal and molasses, served with cream. Pie is the universal dessert and adorns most meals, including breakfast, north of a line running from Bellows Falls, Vermont, to Portland, Maine. For Friday, fish chowder is the dinner dish. It is best made from cunners, a fish with firm, sweet flesh, frequenting the rockbound bays of Maine. The chowder is embellished with round "Boston crackers" split in half. Pie and coffee in large cups, with milk, completes the repast. "Broiled scrod"—haddock or young cod cut across the grain—is a favorite breakfast dish. Codfish tongues with pork scraps is another. Portland will not eat flounders, our own filet de sole. There they are "mudfish." Salt codfish is an important item of food. Boiled with beets and served with pork scraps (cubes of salt port fried brown), it is considered delectable. If any is left over, it can be chopped fine and "het up" for breakfast as "red flannel hash." Doughnuts and coffee go with every breakfast, as well as pie. For a supper, ginger cookies and tea serve. The pie allowance for a well-regulated Maine family of five is twenty-one per week!

When Company Comes in Tennessee

By E. E. MILLER

A TENNESSEE dinner, in October, for a welcome guest—a farm dinner, of course, since city dinners, like cities themselves, trend away from the individual and toward standardization.

Country dinners shape themselves around one central dish, and at this season that dish is foreordained. Fried chicken it must be—not the little spring chicken, the creature of a few ounces and a few mouthfuls, but a lusty, coop-fed fellow at the limit of frying size, each drumstick a juicy and satisfying portion, each piece of breast flake after flake of tender whiteness. He is fried just to a golden hue, the skin crisp but not crackly, piled piece upon piece into a great pyramid on a broad platter, choice of cuts and abundant second helpings for all. We give the preacher fried chicken when he comes, or Cousin Dave from the next county; it is what we should give a prime minister if he came; for in all the length and breadth of this lavish land there is nothing better to give.

On one side of the master-dish waits the plate of boiled ham—disks of piquant pink tastiness that quicken appetites anew. On the other, the big bowl of gravy and the yellow, syrupy sweet potatoes—who has not eaten chicken gravy and sweet potatoes has something yet to live for.

Butter beans, too, and okra steaming hot, and scarlet tomatoes crisp and cool. Hot biscuits, inevitably—soft, thick, fluffy biscuits that divide at a touch and melt on the tongue, never a crust about them, only a hint of brown on top and bottom. Rivaling them, brittle corn sticks into which the butter fairly flows.

And jellies—that glass of royal wine-color is blackberry jelly; that clear red is apple; that shimmering gold is peach. More jellies than we can get around to, but our hostess, in wholesome pride, may offer us along with them preserves of equally varied colors and equally intriguing flavors.

We countrymen do not care much for the courses with which dinners may begin. Fried chicken is for us a good enough beginning; but dessert there must be, and the desert of apple-ripening season is prince of them all. Long before it comes into sight tantalizing fragrances drift in to us from the kitchen, and when it appears every eye brightens and every nostril widens. Apple dumplings? The winiest-flavored apples fresh from the orchard, gently baked and slowly simmered a long, long time in a deep earthen dish, a garment of flaky crust about them, sugar and butter and the spices of Araby in their hearts. We pour over them a sauce of liquid sunshine and the dinner rises to its ecstatic conclusion.

Preacher, prodigal, visiting cousin, revered celebrity from distant lands—the guest has been well fed.

In the Creole Capital

By BASIL THOMPSON

THE American dinner to my untutored palate is as much a mystery, and will, I blush to confess, remain so, as tating or Miss Stein's "Tender Buttons." But here, down in "Ny Ori'ns," it is a pleasant task to catalogue the victuals and vintages (in the French ménage of means and a cellar this latter item is still featured) that find their way into the anatomy. You are, we will say, a modest fellow of some importance. You have been invited to dine at the home of a prominent Creole family. If your host is a gentleman and a pirate, and he is usually both, an ojen, a Martini, or a Sazerac cocktail (he will assure you if the last is proffered that his man mixes them with a skill equal to that of the head bartender at the old Royal Street establishment) is thrust under your nose and you sip not unreluctantly thereof. Perhaps he is well stocked and plies you with another; and perhaps a third, in which event dinner takes on color. You are properly placed. The stage—beg pardon, the table—is set. The man, a sepia-toned old South Senegambian, yassahs and 'scuse-me's in the best tradition. Is it oysters on the half shell or shrimp cocktail? Either is right. Is it crayfish bisque or consommé of fowl or mock turtle (not gumbo at a course dinner)? It is soup in any event. Hors d'œuvres? Well, as you will, from stuffed olives to paté de foie gras. Fish? Broiled pompano, sheepshead à la Normande, snappers. With the arrival of the entrée, if your host is true to form, a pirate and a gentleman, you have had with your soup, sherry; with your fish, white wine; and are beginning to feel—well, just a bit drowsy; full is more like it. You

glance indifferently at your filet mignon bordelaise and demi-julienne spuds, or Mallard and stuffed egg-plant, or veal roast and candied yams. You eye suspiciously the vin ordinaire, recalling some unpleasant adventure with the red ink of today or last night, literally. You positively sniff at the salad: alligator pear or water cress (de cresson de fontaine) or head lettuce with French dressing. You are sick if a pastry, or sherbet, or charlotte russe, or some other delicacy is shoved before you. Only your café noir and cognac hold any allurements now, and these in the medicinal sense. Pousse café, bah! Suississe, out! You totter from the board bloated, taut, sweating. You swear a terrible oath under your beard and smirk painfully at a pink gargoyle somewhat suggesting your hostess.

God be thanked, mother doesn't lay it on after this fashion. With mother now it's like this—Soup: tomato, vegetable, gumbo crêole, oyster stew on "Fridays and days of abstinence." Fish: now and then. Entrées: lamb or pork chop, veal roast, roast beef. Vegetables: cauliflower with butter sauce, spinach with toast, corn fritters, egg-plant, asparagus with drawn butter, snap beans, butter beans, red beans, cow peas, green peas, squash cakes, corn on the cob, stuffed tomatoes, potatoes in variety—but not all at once; in season, my dear. Everything in season. Salad? Well, head lettuce, alligator pear, sliced tomatoes. Dessert: apple meringue, bread pudding, peaches and cream, figs in their time, watermelon, or fruit etceteras, brought up with a fine syrupy demi-tasse, brewed and dripped by Nancy Johnson in the famous manner. And the estimable lady next door doubtless has her own ideas on the subject. Monsieur Alciatore, proprietor of Antoine's restaurant, has his ideas also. And also Madame Begué's anonymous successor, and the anonymous successor to Monsieur Maylie's thriving establishment. Ferd Alciatore of the Louisiane, the Galatoire Frères, and Count Cazenave of Le Foyer du Gourmet, have theirs, too. The American dinner? New Orleans answers we eat as we must, or please, or please to please.

What Alabama Offers

By CLEMENT WOOD

THE private households of moderate means in Alabama are of two classes: first, the Negro field cabins and the mountain and mill-town white houses; second, the more prosperous white and Negro families. The typical dinner for the Negro field or furnace hand, and the white mill hand or mountaineer, would be about the same:

Sow-belly (fat white pork)

Turnip greens and pot liquor (the latter the water in which the greens are cooked)

String beans, snap beans, boiled onions, or some other cooked vegetable in season

Corn pone (baked of corn-meal, salt, and water)

Coffee, with "long sweetening"—or molasses

You need not ask for the soup, fish, or dessert courses. There are none. For the rare dinner of state, there might be fried chicken, or possum "an' taters."

In the more prosperous families you will get the most opulent meal that I have yet encountered in America. Leave soup for thin souls, and fish for the seaboard; although, of course, Mobile would specialize in "Kubeyon," properly spelled "Court Bouillon" (baked redfish with a thick Creole tomato sauce), alternating with broiled pompano. The ordi-

nary home dinner, with a respected relative or a guest present, would be something like this:

Fried young chicken

Beaten biscuits and corn pone

(An eccentric addition would be persimmon bread or sweet potato bread)

Stewed okra. Turnip greens

Mashed yams with pecans and cream

Rice

Coffee with cream

Fig preserves. Crab-apple jelly. Quince preserves

Garden tomatoes, with sugar and vinegar

Ambrosia, or Syllabub

(Ambrosia is equal parts of orange, pineapple, and cocoanut, served in orange baskets; syllabub is whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla)

Lady Baltimore cake

(Before Volstead's day, scuppernong or muscadine wine would be added; with a mint julep before the meal. A homelier dessert would be molasses pie, with molasses biscuits for the children)

Compared to such a meal, or to barbecued lamb, or gamey Southern venison, the boiled New England dinner is as tasteless as the realism of Henry James.

The "Dutch" Tradition

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

THERE being, happily, no such thing as a typical American, it follows that there can be no typical American dinner. I think of Connecticut's oyster-stuffing for turkey as a little more alien than garlic used to be, and I'm sure that Connecticut would consider my scrapple of doubtful patriotism. Therefore, I may but contribute to *The Nation's* symposium the menu of such a dinner as average Pennsylvanians of moderate means "get up" when they want to dine—as on a Sunday afternoon—rather well and altogether "natively":

Fruit Salad

Roast Ribs of Pork, Apple Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Sauerkraut, and Real Beer

Mince Pie (laced, not with brandy, but moonshine whiskey), and Cheese

Coffee

Some smuggled liqueur

Dining in New Mexico

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

THE New Mexican, like other Americans, orders his life with reference to eating. Among the Pueblos religion itself, as Frank Cushing once said, is an insurance against future meals, and I have never fared more hospitably in the pleasant land of France than in this arid corner of our country, where the very cattle are scrawny and athletic like the cowboys, and every scrap of vegetable food—save the nuts and sunflower seeds and wild grasses and cactus fruit, the wild currants and plums which the aboriginal inhabitants used exclusively until the development of corn—has to be won, not only by the sweat of the brow, but by the most cunning ditching, terracing, and entreating of scanty waters. In discussing the real American dinner, I must, however, present three menus: Indian, Spanish-American, and plain United States.

Dinner is the evening meal in the Pueblo country—usually there are only two—and when you enter a house in the pueblo of Zuni, for instance, you are always greeted: "Enter, sit and eat!" The repast is set out on the earth floor before the three-cornered fireplace in decorated pottery bowls, the family, probably ten or twelve people of several generations, squatting around it. So long as the chief males or guests of the family are not there, nobody begins to eat. When all are gathered, every person, including the children, selects a morsel of every kind of food, breathes on it, and says this "grace": "Receive, (oh, souls of) my ancestry, and eat; resuscitate by means of your wondrous knowledge, your hearts; return unto us of yours the water we need, of yours the seeds of earth, of yours the means of attaining great age." With this the offering is thrown on the fire and the meal begins. Cushing's first name as a real Zuni, He-Who-Eats-From-One-Bowl-With-Us-With-One-Spoon, is indicative of Zuni table manners. Nowadays the guest is likely to be offered a metal spoon and white cup, and granite-ware coffee pots and iron frying pans prevail. But *en famille*, the one earthen spoon, the gourd dipper floating on top of the *olla* are common, and the food in the bowl is much as it has always been.

Infallibly a stew of meat joints and another of *frijoles* (succulent brown beans) seasoned with plenty of *chile colorado* (red pepper meal), onion, and salt, and probably some spicy herb. For a relish, if there are guests, stuffed sheep intestines or a skewer of broiled meat, or a blood pudding—close to the French *boudin*—cooked in a large intestine. For vegetables, "in season," fried or roast or baked squash, boiled pumpkin, green corn on the cob. For bread—a most important item—*he'we* or wafer bread, something like our dry breakfast foods in consistency, made by cooking a thin paste of red or blue or yellow corn meal on a hot stone and then rolling it. Sometimes puffy little brown loaves of wheat flour as well, baked in the round outdoor oven of sun-dried brick, common to both Indian and Spanish villages. In the melon or peach seasons there is an abundance of juicy fruit, and dried melon rind is often baked in a sort of tart as an extra delicacy. But on the whole the Indian meal is without sweets.

Now let us approach a Spanish house in a mountain valley not occupied by descendants of the Conquerors, but by simple "Mexican" people. If the family is alone, we shall be welcomed to little but *frijoles*, a bowl of *chile*, red or green, and a pile of *tortillas*—a sort of pancake of white flour browned on top of the stove—and a pot of coffee, brewed and re-brewed. In the corner is a sack of piñon nuts—a tiny nut which is taken into the mouth in quantity and cracked with the teeth, the shells being ejected from one corner of the lips while the rich kernel is still being chewed. There will perhaps be another sort of flat pancake of blue meal, served in layers with red *chile* sauce between, or rice cooked with onion and *chile*. On feast days there will surely be a rich sweet chocolate drink, white bread baked in the round ovens, *chile con carne* (with meat), bread pudding soaked in spiced syrup, stewed dried apricots or peaches, a custard with bananas in it. The Mexicans are charmingly ready to share their last *tortilla* and their *fiesta* goodies with American neighbors, but a Spanish servant lass, brought up to abstemiousness at home, eats less than the proverbial mouse in the rancher's house. "What pigs they must think us!" said one of my white neighbors.

The bountiful American farm dinner in my valley is not so different from that of New England. Fried or roast meat, several kinds of excellent vegetables, macaroni baked in a glass dish—for the mail-order houses keep us up to date—preserves of various rich species, flaky hot biscuits, pie, coffee, and cheese. The American rancher would scorn to borrow recipes from the Pueblos, but *tortillas*, "Spanish rice," and *chile* are not unknown to his table. If there is one article of diet common to all races in New Mexico, it is this same *chile colorado*, which hangs in flaming strings from the roof beams against the red brown walls of the houses, like the flag of an exotic civilization. *Chile* keeps the palate keyed up to the climate and the mountains: it is a spice of the devil to counteract the dominant presence of God on the peaks.

For the Indian's Sake

Washington, December 14

ON behalf of the American Indian a majority of the committee of one hundred citizens recently appointed by Secretary Work met at the Department of the Interior in Washington on December 11 and 12 to discuss and debate. The Secretary welcomed them and asked their advice and their criticisms of the Indian Bureau. The Indian Commissioner was equally frank in requesting the judgment of the committee upon his work, and the Board of Indian Commissioners was well represented in what was, in its personnel, a truly remarkable gathering of the friends of the Indian. It was no slight achievement to have brought into one room men and women of the caliber of General H. L. Scott, W. J. Bryan, Herbert Welsh, John Collier, Bernard M. Baruch, Warren K. Moorehead, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Mary W. Roe, Edith N. Dabb, Margaret McKittrick, Maud Wood Park, and Mrs. H. A. Atwood of California, together with many distinguished representatives of the various missionary activities. That there were discordant elements here represented everybody knew. The best achievement of the conference was that the discussions were conducted in excellent spirit, despite the infliction of the most incompetent and bemuddling chairman who ever presided over any such gathering, and that as they progressed many differences were ironed out. In the case of the Pueblo Indians, for instance, the very mention of whom at the outset of the conference sent cold shivers of apprehension down every spine, there came about a nearer approach to a union among the friends of these people than had seemed possible. Secretary Work may not have had in mind a welding of the reform forces as a primary purpose of this gathering but it seemed none the less to tend in that direction.

Not that it reconciled all the divergencies of opinion. These will doubtless last as long as there remains an Indian to be helped. For, where it is not a question of the correct technique of aiding them, as in the case of the Pueblos, the divergencies are due to varying philosophies of life and conceptions of democracy. That was strikingly illustrated in some of the debates which brought out with disheartening clearness how superficial is the democracy of many Americans. Mr. Bryan spoke well on behalf of the Indians' fundamental right to citizenship and the ballot, but the same old arguments advanced against the enfranchisement of Negroes and of women were heard once more. General Scott was, for example, deeply concerned lest the "buffalo

Indians," who are too ignorant to use the ballot and do not want it, should have it forced upon them. For their sakes he was willing that the competent and educated Indian should continue to have to face the existing difficulties in attaining the full stature of a free American where he can attain it at all. Every effort to set a limit to the functions and existence of the Indian Bureau met with stout opposition. In fact, only in one matter, the question of the health of the Indian, was there a clear-cut advance; the recommendations for improved medical service, for nurses and matrons, and for larger appropriations were unanimously and enthusiastically adopted. What is more important, the conference demanded an emergency appropriation of \$100,000 for combating the three worst diseases, and urged an immediate investigation of the entire health situation by the National Health Council.

For the rest, whenever the conference came to thin ice, it skated carefully around it or else took off its skates and retraced its steps to dry land. Surely nothing could have been more humiliating than the conference's submission to Secretary Work (to whom all its resolutions were directed) of the two motions in regard to the Pueblos, the one favoring the Lenroot bill, the other opposing it. That so able a body could not bring itself to ascertain its majority mind upon this subject must have caused Mr. Work some amusement. This vital topic, the debates as to which aroused the whole country last winter, was thus left practically untouched.

Similarly astonishing was the failure of the conference to adopt Mr. John Collier's resolution that the business of the Indian Bureau be reported on by the Bureau of Municipal Research and the Bureau of Standards. It would seem as if the members of the conference and the government officials concerned would have jumped at this opportunity to get expert opinion as to the efficiency of the Bureau and of its methods of conducting its business. If the proposition had been one to inoculate every employee of the bureau with the germs of yellow fever the conference could not have shied away from it more emphatically. Even more distressing is the fact that the conference adjourned without any ringing demand that the Indian have equal protection of the law. Mr. Thomas L. Sloan's appeal, as an Indian, that the Indians should have full protection of the courts and that certain lawless procedures of the Indian Bureau should cease made no impression whatever. Everybody who knows the Indian problem knows that the Bureau is inseparably woven into the politics of the country and that each administrative change brings a fresh inoculation of partisan politics. No one would have learned this from the meeting. But gingerly references were made to the retaining in the service of political appointees who, when their unfitness is demonstrated, are usually transferred to another reservation instead of being ousted. General Scott's excellent suggestions for creating a general administrative staff in the Indian Bureau and giving employees definite rank and title, with pay corresponding to that rank as in the army, were unanimously adopted.

As for the religion of the Indian and his dances, there, too, the issue was shirked and there, too, was the same cleavage between the conservatives and the progressives. Mr. Bryan, now a professional religious zealot, was apparently eager to shove the Christian religion down the throats of every Indian, and the effort to cut off all the tribal dances, because some are alleged to be immoral, was much in evi-

dence. The curse of "Americanization" is coming to rest upon the Indians as upon our immigrants. They must be made just like the rest of us in their fear of the future, and they must be stripped of all their tribal customs, culture, beliefs, and arts. If they are not in the course of time made absolutely to conform to the standards of Main Street in Lincoln or Tampa it will not be Mr. Bryan's fault or that of most of the missionaries. Fortunately there were brave and outspoken words against this proposed outrage.

Despite the disappointments of the meeting it more than justified itself. Such a committee is urgently needed, and it would be an excellent thing if Secretary Work could see his way clear to making it a permanent institution with semi-annual meetings.

O. G. V.

China's Newest President

By BERT L. KUHN

Shanghai, November 1

ON an appointed day early in October there assembled at Peking, after no little hesitation, a few less than six hundred Chinese gentlemen who were duly accredited as members of the Parliament of China. The legal time for a presidential election had arrived. On the first ballot, Marshal Tsao Kun, former private in the Chinese army and more recently inspector general of the provinces of Chihli, Honan, and Shantung, was given some 480-odd votes and was declared elected. His only opponent, Sun Yat-sen, "President of the Republic of South China," had thirty-three ballots cast for him. Five days later Tsao Kun was in Peking, traveling the paths of the emperors, with all the pomp which the East could provide. Yellow sands were strewn over the highways before him, a custom handed down from imperial days and religiously followed each time a new emperor ascended the Throne of Heaven.

Nominally, Tsao Kun is now president of China. Actually, he occupies precisely the same position as before his election—Dictator of the Central Provinces. How long he will be able to hold on and how much he may extend the authority of the central Government will depend without question on his force of arms. China has not one but several new internal wars hatching.

To obtain any comprehensive idea of the problems which China's new president is called upon to face, one must go back to his early history and the record of events of the past year or two which he so engineered as to place himself in office.

Tsao Kun is and always has been a soldier. Illiterate in his early days and of a caste that was by no means high in the eyes of his nation, he first gained a minor degree of prominence by personal acts of bravery. This led to his appointment to one of China's old-time military academies, from which he was graduated with a petty commission. His subsequent career was that of every prominent Chinese militarist of today. First commander of a brigade, then of a division, he gradually augmented his forces and bound them to him in personal fealty by seeing to it that they were paid as regularly as possible, that they were clothed, and that they were fed. To do this he adopted whatever means seemed to suit him, seizing here and there, levying his own taxes and collecting them, without regard for the Peking Government other than to draw a fine line when it came to interfering with foreign interests.

A commander of the imperial forces in the revolution of 1911, Tsao Kun, when he found that he was allied with a lost cause, joined the forces of the Republicans. His was not an act of submission. It was in every sense an alliance, an agreement to maintain the *status quo* with those in power at Peking as long as he was left without interference in the territory which he then controlled.

While President Yuan Shih-k'ai, who had also supported the empire and also gone over to the republic, lived this system worked out well enough for both sides. Tsao, expanding his armies ceaselessly, was paving the way toward making himself the one great leader of central China. He was fortunate in his choice of subordinates, two of whom, General Wu Pei-fu, Tsao's "number two," and General Feng Yu-hsiang, who has achieved endless publicity as the "Christian general," are still with Tsao Kun, although efforts have been made in many quarters to sway them from their allegiance. It was Wu who successfully prosecuted the two years of warfare against the Anfuite clique, and again, a year ago last spring, it was he who in three weeks of battle delivered so smashing a defeat to Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria that the latter was forced to withdraw outside the Great Wall and has remained in his own realm ever since.

Last year Tsao Kun was at the height of his power. His armies were victorious everywhere; he had demonstrated convincingly that in the Yangtze valley he was supreme. He could and did make and break presidents. It was through him that Hsu Shih-chang was forced to give up the position which he had so long nominally held as chief executive of the nation. It was through Tsao that Li Yuan-hung was installed at Peking amid great talk of "reunification at last." But Tsao, strong man that he is, has one weakness. He is vain. And thoughts of another being his "superior" galled him. Tsao had lived in the old China. He had seen the glories of the Dragon Throne. When the final test came, vanity conquered. And so Tsao decided to go to Peking.

The actual mode of his entry is common knowledge in China. Once his decision was reached, money was no object. The president, Li Yuan-hung, was unceremoniously ejected and fled first to Tientsin and later to Shanghai, all the time protesting his right to hold office but unable to exert that right. The great seals of office which Li, in his flight, had intrusted to his wife, ill in a hospital in Peking, were snatched by adherents of Tsao. Then the election was called.

Tsao took no chances. Before the electoral college went into session, votes sufficient to put him over were definitely pledged. How these pledges were obtained is illustrated by photographs of checks for \$5,000 each, paid by Tsao to various members of Parliament, which have been reproduced in many of the newspapers in Shanghai; a *prima facie* case of widespread bribery has been clearly made out.

Tsao Kun is president of China, but the China which he will actually govern will be confined to Honan, Shantung, Chihli, and parts of the other Yangtze valley provinces, with minor leaders in some other sections lending him a half-hearted sort of support. Chang Tso-lin, super-tuchun of the three eastern provinces, made plain his stand in the matter long before the actual elections took place. In a statement bristling with stinging adjectives, he denounced the ambition of his old-time rival as outright robbery of the presidential chair. Since the election he has said little, but he has already summoned his troops and mobilized them for a series of "maneuvers," all of which will be held on the very borderline of his domain. That Chang Tso-lin will

offer battle eventually is conceded by everyone familiar with the situation.

In Chekiang province Tsao finds another well-organized enemy. General Lu Yung-hsiang, who from his yamen at Hangchow controls the destinies not only of Chekiang but of the military district of Shanghai and Sungkiang, the great ocean outlet for Yangtze trade, both before and after the elections issued statements which clearly show his animosity; and he already has extensive military preparations under way.

Sun Yat-sen, fiery patriot of Canton, although he has his hands full at the present time in his efforts to overcome Cheng Chung-ming, who once drove him out of his capital, has paused long enough in his military campaign to declare open war on Tsao and dispatch long telegrams to Chekiang and the three eastern provinces with a view to forming a tri-partite alliance to oust Tsao. Such an alliance looms as a strong possibility for the spring, and if it is formed and activities are started on all fronts, Tsao is likely to find himself hard pressed.

The attitude of the foreign Powers toward Tsao is still a matter in doubt, although representatives of the legations, including United States Minister Jacob Gould Schurman, attended the election. It is noteworthy that none of the diplomats has, up to the present time, paid the customary courtesy call on the new president. Current reports assign as a reason for this the fact that China has not yet given a satisfactory explanation of the Lincheng bandit outrage, along with the indemnities and guaranties asked by the Powers, and that Tsao Kun, as inspector-general of Shantung at the time of the bandit raid, might be held in a measure responsible for the occurrence and might therefore prove *persona non grata* with the Powers.

Tsao Kun will not be a popular president. The stigma attached to his election and the bribery of the parliamentarians has already been made much of by his opponents everywhere. Word of his election was received in many sections of the nation with an unusual degree of sorrow and contempt. Mass meetings, in many cases organized and led by returned students, denounced the balloting as the worst case of corruption in China's history.

At Shanghai the day of the inauguration, which also chanced to be the twelfth anniversary of the establishment of the republic and which ordinarily would have been a gay holiday, was given over to a "humiliation-day" program. Flags everywhere were flown at half-mast. Though it had been forbidden by the authorities a mass meeting of 6,000 persons was held and adopted resolutions denouncing the new president and branding his election a national disgrace. Dummy characters portraying the president and members of parliament were paraded before the meeting and were the objects of vicious satirical thrusts.

Just how strongly resentment over the choice of Tsao Kun is being felt elsewhere among the people of China it is impossible to ascertain at this time. Speaking generally, it may be said that the common citizen—coolie, skilled workman, merchant, or tradesman—bestirs himself very little in politics so long as local affairs move on serenely and he is not victimized too frequently by bandits or soldiers. National politics as a general rule concern him little if at all, for, illiterate and unable to comprehend any other China than that which he knows in his own village, he is content to let the self-appointed village, town, and provincial leaders take the initiative when it comes to national politics.

America Worst

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

CONVERSATIONS with foreign diplomats, no matter how discreet, and glimpses into the foreign press, no matter how casual, will bring home to almost any American reporter, I think, the start at least of a burning suspicion that this beloved country of ours, which regards itself as a sort of gentle and winning babe of peace in the manger of the nations, is in fact succeeding with a greater and greater rapidity in getting itself regarded by all these low-down foreign statesmen and editors and bankers and merchants and proletarians as the star-spangled uppish and insufferable habitat of the most offensive outfit on the surface of the globe.

A Japanese diplomat in London once quelled and quenched me with an observation which I fear I may already have quoted a great many times to the readers of *The Nation*. I find difficulty in keeping it off my mind and tongue.

This diplomat was taciturn beyond all the necessities either of his profession or of his race. He was engaged, when I met him, in illustrating the complexities of London society by making the acquaintance of Irish rebel ladies at the home of a British Foreign Office official. He crept or paced about the drawing-room like a soft-pawed tiger peering through grasses in a jungle. He looked and he listened and he perhaps took what was said and pondered it in his heart but it certainly bore no fruits on his lips. At last my hostess set me upon him with definite and inescapable instructions to cause him to speak.

I approached and presently found myself babbling idly about the climate of Washington, D. C. He listened and he looked and my babbling became idler and shriller while his taciturnity gloomily deepened. At length, however, he spoke. Neglecting and setting totally aside the whole question of the climate of Washington, he suddenly and simply remarked:

"Mr. Hard, your country is a beautiful woman whom no one dares to contradict."

I am proud to remember that I had resourcefulness enough to say "Thank you for not saying 'heiress.'" I then came, however, to the end of my resourcefulness and I retired to the side of my hostess to show her the wound I had gained in her service. It smarts now on numerous occasions, the nature of which I shall indicate, although now a certain part of the point of that Japanese diplomat's epigram is blunted.

Now, the beautiful lady whose lovely home is in Washington, D. C., is not only from time to time considerably contradicted but also even from time to time approached with a demonstration more or less resembling a frank and hearty slap.

When in the name of all that is good and beautiful and true, of which we are the self-authorized supreme expositors, we discourse to the Dutch Government about the great and unselfish principle of equality of opportunity for all humanity in the oil fields of the Dutch East Indies, the Dutch Government does not hesitate to tell us in return that we are talking in fact about the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and that the reason why that company did not get the

Djambi oil field is that its bid was lower and poorer than the bid by the Dutch company which was awarded the prize.

When we aspire to make Mr. Volstead the purser of the British merchant marine, there are numerous rough country squires in the British House of Commons who do not hesitate to jest and jeer at our moral mission toward making the world walk straight instead of whirling round.

When also by an arbitrary one-sided statute of our own we try to destroy the Liverpool cotton-standards arbitration tribunal and to substitute for it without negotiations or understandings a tribunal of our very American own on this side of the ocean we get visited by Liverpool cotton merchants who politely but pertinaciously want to know who we think we are and why.

When a dozen of our States remain in utter acknowledged default on certain foreign-held debts of theirs for decade after decade, and when then we talk in terms of the loftiest international morality to Soviet Russia on the subject of the clinging moral bindingness of foreign-held debts, Moscow now permits itself to laugh not simply in its sleeve but even in its propagandist publicity.

When we demand equality of treatment for our explorers and exploiters and well-diggers and oil-pumpers in the mandated territories wrung from the hateful Hun, there now are not wanting certain European colonial administrators who lift their voices to inquire why we do not also embrace an equality of expense and effort in shooting the natives and otherwise rendering the mandated territories a secure scene for the application of our ideals and the expansion of our exports and imports.

When further, and most particularly exasperatingly, we produce a flock of statesmen who outnumber and outnoise all the other statesmen in the world for bleating and baaing and moaning and caterwauling about helping Europe and helping humanity and helping the universe and meanwhile we are going to collect out of the private property of Germans found in this country the last cent of all legally valid claims of our citizens against the old dead imperial German Government, the world really can scarcely be blamed for beginning to think that we are the most morally wilfully wall-eyed people in the whole human international family.

Even Calvin Coolidge, even that chip of clean cool marble from the marble-hearted State of Vermont, can get melted to a drip of slush by this modernistic American Turkish bath of empty hot moral vapors.

At the end of a long presidential message in which he discusses point after point of public policy without one trace of any sort of emotion and in which he promises Europe not one specific thing except that we will join a world court if we can join it without getting into Europe, he suddenly, having concluded all his recommendations, gives his moral bootstraps a hitch and soars straight off into the open blue sky with two hundred and fifty words of a runaway burning balloon of idealism without a single parachute of any recommendation for action anywhere attached to it.

Idealism, he says, is what we must have; but he does not say what for. Sacrifices, he says, are what we must make;

but he does not say what sacrifices or for whom or why or when. We must help to stabilize the world, he says; but he does not say how. We must speak, he says, with the voices of the world's spiritual forces; but he does not say what it is that those voices say, and his message ends with a sublime evocation of them unaccompanied by the slightest responding squeak from them, themselves.

To apostrophize the morality of the universe and of the United States of America, and to call it a day's work for the world: that is the strange state of mind to which the successors of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson have come.

And I know why they have come to it; and I am willing

to share my knowledge with anybody within range of my pen. They have come to it because in these present drippy and foggy, pining and yearning days, we have abandoned the solid realism of our forefathers and have ceased to try to perceive and pursue the actual interests of the United States and have wandered off into talking about the interests of everybody in general and nobody in particular, and we have ended by not being able to perceive and pursue any interests at all. We have passed from being selfishly useful to the world into being idealistically and altitudinously perfectly useless to it. We have passed from America first and international effectiveness into internationalistic rhetoric and America worst.

Why Henry Ford Wants Muscle Shoals

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

United States Senator for Nebraska

I READ with interest *The Nation's* challenge to Henry Ford to operate Muscle Shoals to make cheap fertilizer for the people, without profit. It is a novel plan. There is no danger, however, of Mr. Ford accepting it. If we were to give Muscle Shoals to anybody, I would just as soon give it to Henry Ford as anyone else. I have never made any personal attack upon him, and I am not moved in my opposition regarding Muscle Shoals by any feeling of animosity or ill-will. He is a man whom in many respects I greatly admire, but I would not give away the heritage of the people even to a saint. I would not be willing to do it even if Mr. Ford could give us a guaranty that he would live for one hundred years—the lifetime of his corporation, which, under his plan, would have the ownership and control of the property. If it were not for his popularity in the country, his proposition would not receive favorable consideration from the hands of anyone.

If Mr. Ford is able to produce nitrates as cheaply as it is claimed he can, there is no reason in the world why he should not at once proceed to do it. It is not necessary that the Government should donate to him millions of dollars' worth of public property in order to have him perform this very much desired thing. If he were a poor man and claimed to have some knowledge that no one else possessed, which he could not transmit to anyone else, and was thus moved by the philanthropic desire to help his fellow-men, there would be some justification for him to come to the Treasury of the United States for funds. But no one can offer in his behalf the claim that he lacks funds to produce nitrates. Muscle Shoals is not the only place in the world where this can be done. There are many other places where there are even better water-power opportunities than at Muscle Shoals. I am very reliably informed that the commission which President Wilson appointed to locate this great plant was opposed to its location at Muscle Shoals, on the ground that there were other places where we could have accomplished the same thing by the expenditure of much less money—but President Wilson took the bit in his mouth and located it at Muscle Shoals because of the influence of a few leading Democrats in the Senate. This may not be true. I have never seen the records. I have it only from those who claim to have seen the records and the presidential report of Mr. Wilson's own commission. It is perhaps not material

whether the story is true or not, but it does demonstrate that Henry Ford could go elsewhere if he wants to produce nitrates from the air, and be able to do it cheaper than it can be done at Muscle Shoals.

The facts are that nowhere or at any time has Mr. Ford ever agreed to make any guaranty, either that nitrates could be produced cheap enough at Muscle Shoals to become valuable as a fertilizer proposition or that the corporation which he organizes will not be under the control of Rockefeller or some other Wall Street interest within a very few years after it is turned over to him by the Government.

Mr. Ford's criticism of Secretary Weeks for the sale of the Gorgas plant is without any foundation, without any logic or reason. Anyone who has studied the Muscle Shoals proposition must agree that the Gorgas plant has no more connection with Muscle Shoals than the fifth wheel of a wagon. The reason why the Government put its money into Gorgas and doubled the capacity of that plant, owned by the Alabama Power Company, was to enable it to have power for building operations at Muscle Shoals. It was the nearest place where cheap power could be had. The only object of it all was to secure this power until they obtained power at Muscle Shoals. I can conceive of no sane man entering into the contract that the Government did in building at Gorgas, if it was ever the intention of either party that the Government should permanently own the Gorgas plant. Gorgas is truly a scrambled egg. The Government simply added to the existing plant, a little better than doubling its capacity. The plant is all under one roof, all built on land owned by the Alabama Power Company. The only means of getting coal for its operation is from a mine right at the door, owned by the Alabama Power Company. Other buildings constructed there by the Government, necessary in the full operation of such a large plant, were built on land owned by the power company. This included houses built for the employees to live in. They were not even built in one section of the locality; you would find one cottage owned by the Alabama Power Company, the next one owned by the Government, the third one owned by the power company, and so on.

I do not see how any sane man looking into the question can reach any other conclusion than that the power company had to buy out the Government or the Government

buy out the Alabama Power Company. If we decide that the Government should buy out the Alabama Power Company, then we must take into consideration another thing that is absolutely connected with it—that the Alabama Power Company owns a lot of other plants constructed in different parts of the State and that Gorgas is only one of a system all linked up together. They have contracts running over many years with municipalities, corporations, mining companies, and individuals, by which they have agreed to supply electric energy to these various customers. If we should arbitrarily take away Gorgas it would cripple them and make it impossible for them to perform their contracts made with these various municipalities, corporations, and individuals. Therefore, we would be liable for damages unless we carried out the contracts of the Alabama Power Company, and if we carried them out we would have to buy not only Gorgas but every other plant owned by the Alabama Power Company.

Secretary Weeks and I do not agree on most fundamental principles of government. He is opposed to governmental activities of various kinds that I favor; but it seems to me that in the sale of the Gorgas plant he acted wisely and for the best interest of the Government.

When Mr. Ford makes his unjust criticism of Secretary Weeks for this sale, I cannot help accepting the conclusion that he must have some ulterior motive in his desire to acquire Gorgas. If he simply wants to make fertilizer at Muscle Shoals, as he claims, then he has no use for Gorgas; but, on the other hand, if he wants to have a monopoly in that section of the country in the development of hydro-electric power, and wants to use the unusual contract that he demands of the Government by which this property in the hands of his corporation shall be absolutely unregulated either by State or nation, then I can see how he would like to cripple the only competitor he would have in the field. I do not see how one can reach any other conclusion than this one—that his desire to have the Gorgas plant was for the purpose of selling it, just as Weeks has done, to the Alabama Power Company. Under his proposition, his corporation would be required to pay the Government five million dollars for the ownership of property worth nearly one hundred million, and would have the lease of a great water power for one hundred years without any provision for regulation, and he could have made the sale to the Alabama Power Company as the Government did and thus been able to realize almost enough to pay the entire amount which he had agreed to give to the Government. But in any case, it would have left him with all the other valuable property in his hands without the expenditure of very much money. Indeed, there is other property included in his proposition of various kinds, located at Muscle Shoals, belonging to the Government, which is not necessary for the operation of Muscle Shoals, and would readily sell on the market for enough money to make up the balance of his payment, so that he could have sold it and had the entire property at Muscle Shoals absolutely free of any cost. This property consists of railroad engines, railroad cars, lumber of all kinds, and immense quantities of building materials, all in first-class condition and practically all of which has a stabilized market price.

I would be glad to help Mr. Ford or anybody else, if I could honorably do so as a government official, to make cheap nitrates. If he would make a proposition and select

his place where there is cheap water power anywhere in the United States and guarantee in the contract that the power utilized would be used for the production of fertilizer, I should be willing to give him a location. But I would not be willing to go into the Treasury of the United States for money to pay for its development and give him that also.

Impressions

By WILBERT SNOW

These entered into me and shaped my dreams:
The full, triumphant buoyance of flood tide;
A wooded cove streaked with the low moon's beams;
A little island where white seagulls cried
My drowsiness astir, and perched to ride
With schooners that indulged the wind's desire;
Calm spots on choppy seas; an ocean-wide
Northeaster rousing moods that issued higher
Than pushing waves; the reminiscent fire
In eyes of sailors who had ploughed the main
On full-rigged ships where mutinies and dire
Atlantic gales from Montreal to Spain
Had filled them with adventure glowing bright
As brass rings through their ears in sunset light.

In the Driftway

THE Christian church has lately been much in the public eye. There is the group of preachers, headed by the Bishop of New York, which is scandalized by the immorality of certain plays and dances; there is the Executive Committee of the Modern Churchmen's Union which expresses doubts about the Virgin birth; there are the Fundamentalists insisting on heaven as their very own prerogative; and finally there is the combination of church and bank building which is presently to be erected in New York City. As for the latter, the Drifter saw a much finer and grander example of the same combination in Chicago last summer, a veritable Woolworth tower with the church up on top and maintaining its exalted position, doubtless, on the rents from the offices beneath its heel. The Drifter scorns to make the obvious remark about the money changers in the temple, though it does seem apt. Instead, he is glad to offer a remedy for the church's difficulties; a return to the simpler days of the past!

* * * * *

THE church, like other time-honored institutions in the present day, is suffering from the results of the industrial revolution. It has too much money, too many members, too large buildings, and it pays its ministers too high salaries. The Drifter hereby announces that he will print no letters from ministers proving that \$1,400 a year is not too much for a man with a wife and seven children! With the proletariat he is not at the moment concerned. The church, he repeats, is too rich and too great; large-scale production and attempted monopolistic control is going to be the ruin of it, and justly so. And it is trying along with its greatness, to do too many things. Time was when the church sought to dispense the bread of life only; now that it has gone in for baking entertainment cake and pleasure pie on a large scale it is competing with institutions that have been in the business a long time and know it better. No, the

Drifter is all for the good old days; then religion was religion and if you did not go to church you were birched and that was all there was to it; nor was amusement provided to make the two-hour sermon any easier to sit upright through.

* * * * *

OF course, the old days were not all spent in birching, as a recent item in the *Manchester Guardian* may indicate. The late Dr. Emil Reich, at the opening of a cookery exhibition in London some years ago, declared: "In Protestant countries cooking is much worse than in Catholic countries. The reasons are simple. In Catholic countries there is a distinct set of people, monks and the inhabitants of monasteries, who have long made a specialty of good eating and drinking. Their life used to be devoted very largely to that purpose. Where in any country there were specialists who studied nothing but how to eat and drink well, there, it stood to reason, the people would learn of them. In Protestant countries there was no such set of people. Everybody was in a hurry making money all day long. . . ." Which, as the Drifter said above, is what ails the church. Too much money, a too intricate management, too many interests, above all, an attempt to reconcile religion and daily living. The birchers who insisted on nothing but religion, and the eaters, who were preoccupied so largely with the flesh, never did this. They could take their religion or leave it alone, but they did not attempt to do both at once. When the modern church is as wise, it will not only solve its problems but it may even gain a convert in

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

Shall We Do Nothing?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Major General Henry T. Allen, running true to his fearless form, has accepted the onerous leadership in the cause of common humanity to stay stalking famine as it threatens to destroy the lives of helpless men, women, and children in Germany today.

These are as much the victims of a cruel war as were the millions who fell before fighting guns. The aftermath of peace is a hideous mockery to these innocent sufferers.

The war was not brought on by them. The terms of peace were not of their making. The intricate questions of international debts and of national capacity to pay do not enter into their lives. The legality or the illegality of the occupation of their territory is not discussed.

Empty stomachs do not indulge in words. They become articulate through action. All these people know at present is that they are hungry, that their children are dying for want of milk, that the sick and feeble can no longer hope for sustenance, that even the daily rations of black bread and soup are rapidly becoming unattainable, that the conditions of the Near East are now the conditions of the Nearer West—and yet in the face of all this appalling calamity our great country, in which the barns are more than filled with plenty, is standing by literally callous to the appeal and skeptical as to its veracity. General Allen knows whereof he speaks and his statements would be more than upheld could we but read the contents of the mail bags arriving each week from Germany.

America has always been just and eternally generous. No

nation has ever turned to us for food that has not been fed. No nation has ever asked us for raiment that has not been clothed. Therefore, are we at this crisis to be once again loyal to our great heart or are we to stuff partisanship cotton into our listening ears?

Shall we do nothing while the voices of little children are piteously crying for bread and while the old and feeble are appealing for those crumbs which are falling from our own tables of prosperity?

As a 100 per cent American, without one drop of German blood in my veins, I wish to urge the immediate support of the efforts of Major General Allen, and I beg those who read this letter to remember the white crosses in the cemeteries of France and to realize that our soldiers who laid down their lives would be the first to give their approval in the nobility of their souls to this human movement freed from all political bias or partisanship.

In the name of mercy and of God's charity let us help those who need it!

New York, December 1

ELISABETH MARBURY

Will Gandhi Die in Jail?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received letters from India telling me that Mahatma Gandhi is far from well. He now weighs less than one hundred pounds, and although he is cheerful long confinement has seriously affected his health.

It is desirable that some effort be made by those who admire Mahatma Gandhi and his teachings of non-violence to urge the British Government to release him as soon as possible.

There is no reason to believe that the British Government will release him unless international public opinion is mobilized to force the issue. British public opinion is not much concerned with Gandhi. British statesmen think that as long as they can, by making concessions to the Turks, keep the Mohammedan world contented, British rule in India is safe. The British Government prefers the sword of Kemal Pasha to the invincible arms of Gandhi—the power of folded arms and dependence upon the spiritual force of non-cooperation; so Gandhi lies in jail and none among the British statesmen pays attention to it.

The Christian world seems dead, so far as its spiritual power is concerned. It pays no attention to the fact that the man who, according to Mr. Sherwood Eddy of the international Y.M.C.A., has demonstrated the life most nearly like that of Christ, is now rotting in jail. It is a credit to the Indian Christians that they asked for Gandhi's release. May I not ask all other Christians who see the hope of the world in an assertion of Christ's spirit to appeal both to the King of England and to Earl Reading, Governor General of India (who belongs to the oppressed Jewish people), and to request that they make use of their power and sense of decency and release Gandhi before it is too late?

Washington, D. C., December 25

TARAKNATH DAS

Liberty and Last Year's Bird Nests

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having read with interest Mr. William Hard's article defending the "progressivism" of Hiram Johnson, I would like to ask why it is not possible to measure "progressivism" once in a while by some such easy fundamental as adherence to the people's side of political questions, instead of the side taken by property and the propertied few. There are other things than tariff to measure "progressivism." Of course not many of our so-called progressives measure up to fundamental standards. A general sympathy with the majority of the people ought to make our statesmen a little more solicitous about freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom from compulsory military service, freedom from purchased power in the United

States Senate, freedom from judicial tyranny through the exercise of the Supreme Court's veto and the misuse of the contempt process. In order to be fairly progressive or liberal it is not necessary to start undermining the pillars of the temple. Just a leaning toward democracy and a preservation of the people's liberties and self-government are, it seems to me, a reasonable standard by which to measure our political progressives. We would like to hear them (even if they wish to vote for a tariff on lemons) declare against imprisoning people for their political convictions whether in California or under hysteria-made war laws. We would like to hear a protest against decisions of the United States Supreme Court wiping out those amendments to the federal Constitution which are supposed to guarantee the people in the exercise of their citizenship.

We have no quarrel with Senator Johnson. We have always admired his fight on the Southern Pacific, but we can't go on exploiting last year's bird nests and be regarded as progressives.

Washington, D. C., December 8

GILSON GARDNER

An Appeal from Stefan Zweig

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I appeal to you on behalf of a German writer whose condition is extremely precarious and who has done as much as anyone else for America in a spiritual sense. I am appealing for Hans Reisiger, who besides having produced valuable works of his own has given to the Germans a splendid edition of Walt Whitman's works. It contains not only a masterly biography but also a translation in truly poetical German. Through him Walt Whitman has been made familiar to the Germans. American newspapers have enthusiastically reviewed this edition, which meant to such men as Gerhart Hauptmann and Thomas Mann an unforgettable experience. If any German writer deserves to be helped by America it is Hans Reisiger.

I happen to know that he is very badly off. His work on Walt Whitman is big and expensive and so has small sales. He is eager to introduce another prominent American writer, Thoreau, to the Germans. To achieve this, he needs a little rest from the commercial English translations he has to make, in order to gain some kind of a livelihood. Maybe there exists in America a Walt Whitman association that would help him out of gratitude for his eminent services. Hans Reisiger has been forced to give up his home and migrates from place to place. Any money intended for him may be sent to my address.

Salzburg, Austria, October 30

STEFAN ZWEIG

[The Nation will gladly accept donations for Hans Reisiger and forward them to Stefan Zweig.]

The Poles Protect "Their" Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It appears from the press of November 27 that the Polish ambassador filed an official protest with the German chancellor against the mistreatment and plundering which Jewish citizens of Poland suffered during recent disorders in Berlin. They demand, first, that the guilty be punished and, second, reparations for the damages sustained. My sympathy in this matter is entirely with the Poles because I really think it terrible on the part of the Germans of Berlin not to know that the Jewish citizens of Poland belong to the Poles and that the right to mistreat and plunder such Jews is strictly and purely a Polish right. Did not the Lord create German Jews for them?

I am thinking of a story told of a massacre in the days of the Czar, when two Cossacks played protectors to two Jews. Each defended his Jew loyally until one of them took a dislike to the Jew of the other and dealt him a blow in the face. This provoked the other Cossack to the extent that he treated

the Jew of the first Cossack in the same manner. It was not until each Cossack killed the Jew of the other that they considered the argument satisfactorily settled.

I sincerely hope that in case the Berlin officials disregard the formal protest of the Poles, the latter will not try to settle the argument by avenging themselves on German or other Jews, but, on the contrary, treat the Jews in their own Poland in such a human way as to set a fine example to the cruel Germans of Berlin.

Cincinnati, November 28

DAVID SCHREIBER

An Appeal for Clemency

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The case of a group of men now in prison in Texas should interest your readers. About eleven years ago a party of Mexicans, with one citizen of the United States, Charles Cline, started for Mexico to take part in an insurrection against Diaz. The Texas authorities tried to keep them from crossing the border. There was a running fight of several days, and in the course of it a Mexican gunman who had been made a deputy sheriff was killed. It is not known with certainty who killed him; but on account of it the entire party when captured were sentenced to life imprisonment for murder.

They have already served more than ten years. All appeals for clemency have thus far been in vain. It is believed that this severity is really not so much because they killed a Mexican as because among their baggage was found a banner with the motto Land and Liberty.

An earnest effort is being made to secure the pardon of these men, and especially of Cline. Friends of mine who knew him before his imprisonment describe him as a fine, clean, courageous young labor leader. Appeals for clemency have been made by various prominent persons and labor organizations in the United States, as well as by President Obregon and the Mexican Federation of Labor. Will not your readers, if they think these men have suffered enough, write to Governor Pat N. Neff, Austin, Texas, and join in the request for a pardon?

Dorchester, Mass., December 10 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Recollaring the Clergy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 5 there appeared a communication from a correspondent referring to a purchase of collars made by the American Red Cross for shipment to Japan in connection with the relief work there. It occurred to me that you might be interested in knowing that these supplies were purchased upon direct requisition from the Japanese Imperial Emergency Relief Bureau confirmed by the Japanese Embassy here; and, from advices received, are intended for the use of the clerical classes rendered destitute in this disaster.

Washington, D. C., December 7

JAMES L. FIESER,

Acting Chairman American Red Cross

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE wrote on Kansas in the series These United States; H. L. MENCKEN, on Maryland; DON C. SEITZ, on Connecticut; E. E. MILLER, on Tennessee; BASIL THOMPSON, on Louisiana; CLEMENT WOOD, on Alabama; REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, on Pennsylvania; and ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, on New Mexico.

BERT L. KUHN is on the staff of the China Press (Shanghai).

Books

Arlie Gelston

Arlie Gelston. By Roger L. Sergel. B. W. Huebsch. \$2.

"ARLIE GELSTON" would seem, at first glance, to fit quite neatly into one of several pigeonholes made to dispose of the modern novel, and doubtless will be so fitted—probably into the one labeled "another realistic novel of the Middle West." But actually, in spite of the emphasis upon Coon Falls, Iowa, and the painstaking relation of details, what power the book has is in other elements. The place does not matter, as it matters in "Clayhanger" and "The Return of the Native." The realism, carefully and slowly worked out, never has that last, essential keenness.

It might be—and will be—called "another story of the fallen woman." To this much-worked theme, which has fascinated men novelists particularly, since the day of "Pamela," one little ray of illumination has been added in "Arlie Gelston." It is found in the underlying thought of the book, not, as might be expected, in the fact that the old tale is retold in an Iowa setting under the conditions of today. "Arlie Gelston" speaks one thing not spoken in "Esther Waters" nor in any of the other novels of similar theme. Arlie—a provincial girl who "goes wrong" helplessly and blindly, marries when her baby is born, is widowed and marries again, just as helplessly, but returns to her husband instead of giving up for the third time to blind impulse—learns that to keep on submitting herself to the compulsion of sex would be to meet extinction of her self.

If "Arlie Gelston" fails to give the sharp poignancy of place for which one somehow feels that it labors, it does not have certain prevailing weaknesses of realistic fiction. Mr. Sergel never makes the common and easy mistake of being deceived by much-used words and phrases. He does not accept the girl's life as "drab" and "depressing" on the face of it because she is inarticulate and lives in poor surroundings. The book does not have the little neat, tinny quality that this would give, but rather a suggestion of depth and universality. He does not make the other mistake of sentimentalizing his heroine and adding a dramatic grandeur which is not there. There is strength in the underlying conception, in the organization and working out of the story. There is, because of this, a kind of nobility which is pleasing without overdrawing. This first novel is not faulty in conception or form. It is not hasty or shallow, nor does it ever get out of hand. Rather, one feels it almost too carefully, too slowly and deliberately done, never with that sharp stroke that brings the thing into relief.

The trouble with the whole tale is that it seems submerged under a kind of sea from which rise gleams that never quite break. There is a muffled atmosphere through which the characters fail to make their way. One can not point to this or that as wrong or out of character, but there is no strong feeling of the people as people. Action is better than conversation, which is carefully recorded but as if from afar; and without that keen sense of "rightness," those indefinable touches, which mark the novelist who has a feeling for character. Mr. Sergel has looked at these people conscientiously and without prejudice, but he just fails to reach them, so that the reader never gets to the point of wanting to exclaim, "Yes!" Perhaps, after all, whether he "knows" Coon Falls or not, he remains a little unsure, a little alien to it. Had Mr. Sergel had this intensity of understanding, he might easily have used four hundred and twenty pages for his story, but he would not have needed them. There is a lack of strong concentration in the book, so that each scene gives many fine things and is just on the brink of finer, but never the essence of anything.

There is, with all of this, a power and distinction which is not keenly felt, and yet is there. It lies in those elements which verge upon poetry. It is in certain beautiful sentences, in the indefinite power of atmosphere, in poetic perceptions, in

the feeling that comes from the sky at evening, the snow, the scent of the river. Both Mr. Sergel's power and his weakness as a novelist come from the thing that his heroine once felt as she looked at the river:

"She was dizzy before the huge insubstantiality of the earth. She wanted it to become the land it was, a county, Iowa."

It never really does this; nor is the other feeling of "huge insubstantiality" great enough to give a compensating value.

The worth of the book lies, finally, in sentences—in gleams that come from that shrouding and muffling sea:

"But when the strong moon broke the clouds at last and the fields knew for an hour the quiet flood, she was lifted into a sourceless cold brilliance. With the hour, with morning, it would disintegrate into separate and innumerable molds. Provincial by its own necessity it would shape itself into grotesque form and place. But Arlie, sleeping in release from Des Moines and the Isis, was aware only of her wide and vacant dream."

The book leaves one with a desire to press it all together, hard, and see if some final essence cannot escape.

RUTH SUCKOW

A Teacher's Diary

My Class in Composition. By Julien Bezaud. Translated and adapted by Phyllis Robbins. Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

A FEW years ago Rollo Walter Brown put American teachers in his debt by his careful and thorough account of French methods of teaching composition ("How the French Boy Learns to Write"). M. Bezaud's book is a sort of sequel and illustration of Mr. Brown's. It takes us into the classroom of an enthusiastic and skilful teacher and shows what he expects of his boys, how he cooperates with them, and something of what they accomplish. The subtitle, "A Teacher's Diary," is perhaps a little misleading; the volume is rather a series of extracts from a teacher's day-book, or record of assignments, suggestions, and criticisms, with many specimen themes.

The class (in the Lycée Hoche, at Versailles) is made up of sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys. The course consists of a series of theme assignments, beginning with subjects based on observation, such as anecdotes of town and village life, or memories of school, and proceeding through longer and more carefully planned papers on topics familiar to boys, such as stamp-collecting and the making of an herbarium, to subjects drawn from the history and literature which the pupils are studying in other courses. No attention is paid to the arbitrary distinctions of the "forms of discourse." A great deal of time is given to the preliminary discussion of theme assignments; M. Bezaud believes, with most French teachers, that such preparatory work is more important than the correction of themes. The teacher works out with the class an outline (by paragraphs or main divisions) for almost every paper; this general outline every pupil is expected to follow, developing details in the best way he can. The most successful themes are then read and criticized in the classroom; and the teacher, with the advice and cooperation of the class, draws from them a sort of composite theme, using the best parts of two or more papers, and sometimes, if no student has treated one section of the subject adequately, supplying the deficiency with a piece of his own writing. Many of the themes quoted in the book are thus "revised and amplified" by the teacher, who, says M. Bezaud, "after doing full justice to the good points in his pupils' themes, should not fear to complete them in his own, to develop them, to raise them as it were to the second power."

There are obvious objections to some features of this method. To require of a class themes so uniformly planned that parts shall be interchangeable involves a serious sacrifice of individual initiative and spontaneity, even when the plan is the result of the collaboration of the class with the teacher. In America, I am pretty certain, the best students would not do their best work within such limits; French pupils are probably more

docile. Even the requirement that all themes on a given day must deal with the same topic has disadvantages as well as advantages. It sacrifices the interest which comes from variety of subjects and altogether misses the best sources of material, which are the special knowledge and experiences of individual students; on the other hand, it gives unity and point to class discussions. It should be, I think, an occasional rather than a general practice.

In spite of such objections, however, M. Bezard's method can give us invaluable help. Our composition teaching suffers from a worse than Egyptian plague of rules and textbooks. We have carried into the realm of writing our naive faith in laws as a method of reform, and delude ourselves into thinking that we can get rid of sins of expression by teaching and learning rules. Handbooks of rules, scrap-books of specimens, textbooks of rhetorical theory, books upon the sentence, upon the paragraph, upon punctuation, upon the "forms of discourse" swarm among us, and we often inflict two or three of these plagues upon the student at the same time. We put a high premium upon correctness, yet the writing of our students is notoriously incorrect. Probably the greatest service that M. Bezard can do us is to suggest that we have absurdly overstressed rhetorical theory and details of form at the expense of substance. If he uses a textbook of any sort, his diary says not a word of it. His attitude toward errors of detail may be indicated by a quotation: "Of course, shortcomings must be criticized, mistakes pointed out, weeds pulled up whenever they sprout too abundantly in favorable soil. But how much surer it is, relying on the preventive method so dear to modern medicine, to strengthen the organism so that it will itself eliminate the harmful seeds."

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

Thirty Years of the East Side

Haunch Paunch and Jowl. An Anonymous Autobiography. Boni and Liveright. \$3.

NOBODY can, or will, write the book about himself and sign it. Not so much because of certain actions and thoughts one does not care to unveil, as because of the other people such confessions might involve. For though we have the right to tell the truth about ourselves we have no right to tell the truth about others. An anonymous autobiography in which "the others" are just as anonymous is, to my mind, the best way out of the difficulty.

"Haunch Paunch and Jowl" is the autobiography of one who has come up in the world from petty sneakthievery and gangsterdom to the justiceship of an important court. It describes also the lives of a celebrated lawyer, a successful theater manager, several judges, a wealthy manufacturer, the founder or founders of the needle industry union, a few settlement workers, and a number of well-known politicians and philanthropists.

It is the East Side, New York's East Side, again: its idealism, its inner dissensions, the hatred between the German and the Russian Jews (against the description of which in my article in *The Nation* the Jewish press has protested so violently), the corruption of its politics, the pitilessness of the shyster lawyers in their dealings with poor ignorant immigrants in trouble.

The immigrants, lured here by rosy tales of wealth and liberty, with dreams of education for their children, find out too late what they have to pay for their dreams. The finer the grain the less the resistance. But the coarse one lives through, adapts himself, rises, moves away from the East Side to Harlem and from Harlem to Riverside. The children—the children of the newly arrived immigrant—become acquainted and soiled with every form of degradation and corruption. Reading the book was like listening to a recital of the well-known stories of the East Side. I know the judge in question, in fact, the judges: the one who made a reputation for his

strictness and the other for his chumminess with the gangsters, the gorillas. Who does not know Maxi, the sharp, soft-spoken criminal lawyer who himself writes the decisions of the judges, and that unforgettable East Side congressman whose every speech was a denunciation of the Russian Czar's regime? And there is only one "Talker's" coffee house on Division Street. The scene of vandalism when the Jewish gangsters, murderers, and thieves, pious on Yom Kippur, the day of atonement, maimed the members of the group "Truth and Light" who dared to eat on fasting day—that great day has not been forgotten. Religion triumphed. "Haunch Paunch and Jowl" is not an autobiography. It is thirty years of history. The birth of theater managership, of jazz, the unfolding of Al Wolf from a fedora-hatted peanut vendor into a powerful theater magnate, and the development of a singing pickpocket into a king of popular song. Some of the gangsters rose to prominence; others went to the electric chair. It is a marvelously wrought book with deep, stirring moments. Through it runs a pure and tragic love, the perfume of a rose in a charnel house.

Phillip, Uncle Phillip, is the pivot around which turns the description of the industrial situation of those days: pitiless exploitation, unscrupulous competition, strikes, the employment of gangsters to break the strike, the counter-gangsters, the scheming sweatshop owners, the dirt and the corruption of it all.

It has changed a good deal in the last few years, but it is still largely the same. Reform only changes the personnel and not the system. The East Side is like Jerusalem revived. With Christs and Isaiahs and Sadducees and Pharisees. All the beauty, purity, idealism, and all the corruption of the Orient reenacted in a different setting, because and in spite of the setting. A vortex within a vortex, a struggle to death. The carousel, crowded with laughing Polichinelles, turns, and the throaty steam organ grinds out a solemn tune, and jazz is being played in a lofty cathedral.

KONRAD BERCOVICI

Credit and Crises

Monetary Reconstruction. By R. G. Hawtrey. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

The Paper Moneys of Europe. By Francis W. Hirst. Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents.

Cycles of Unemployment. By William A. Berridge. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Costs and Profits. By Hudson Bridge Hastings. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

THE war has hammered into men's heads one useful idea—that the primary quality of a good money is stability of value. It has demonstrated likewise that the control of bank credit is essential if we are to stabilize prices. Mr. R. G. Hawtrey has done yeoman service in this field. He entertains no illusions about the gold standard, but like all intelligent theorists recognizes that "artificial" control is necessary if prices are to be stable. His notable discussion of our Federal Reserve system, in the chapter given to that subject, points out clearly the wide measure of control over prices that the Federal Reserve Board can and ought to exercise through its power to fix the rate of rediscount. Mr. Hawtrey performs a service in his strong insistence on the power of the central bank to control inflation through a judicious use of the discount rate. We ought to give that responsibility definitely to the Federal Reserve Board, and hold it to its duty.

In his chapter on the European currency situation, Mr. Hawtrey recognizes that drastic deflation would only pile fresh ills on top of those already caused by inflation. He suggests a revaluation of money units, with international cooperation to maintain their stability by means of a gold exchange standard—an interesting theoretical possibility, apparently some distance away, in view of present happenings. But nothing can be done, of course, without balanced budgets.

Francis W. Hirst's little tract on "The Paper Moneys of

Europe," a lecture delivered at the University of California on the Barbara Weinstock Foundation, tells again the familiar story of the *assignats* of the French Revolution, and points out how much worse the present situation is than the one then existing. It is a serviceable reminder of well-known truths, using some present European conditions for illustration.

If price levels fluctuate, then business activity will fluctuate, too. William A. Berridge's "Cycles of Unemployment" is a very careful technical statistical study of the available evidence concerning employment fluctuations in the United States since 1903. Employment indexes follow the other indexes of business activity at about a six months' interval, and probably themselves forecast by a few months the commercial buying power of wage earners. Mr. Berridge's work should help not only the technical economist, but also the practical business man and the statesman who are trying to soften the incidence of business depression on the wage worker. But why cannot the Pollak Foundation and their publishers either put their footnotes at the bottom of the pages, where they belong, or else leave them out altogether? Their present arrangement is perfectly calculated to cause the maximum of trouble for the student.

Hudson Bridges Hastings's "Costs and Profits," another Pollak Foundation book, is a highly abstract analysis of the causation of the cycle, based on the changing relation of costs and profits. It is frightfully hard reading, but Mr. Hastings kindly summarizes his conclusions in the first part of his book. He finds the underlying causes of commercial crises to be five, all based essentially on current business policies with reference to the relations between money and goods, as follows: (1) The failure of business concerns as a whole to disburse an amount of money equal to the value of the things they produce; (2) the development of forward buying and speculation, leading to a relative overdevelopment of industries producing commodities as compared with those producing services; (3) the accumulation of stocks held on speculation; (4) the use of savings and profits to produce goods not used in the processes of production and distribution; (5) the lag in the flow of interest and profits into the hands of ultimate buyers on account of intercorporate ownership of securities. The orthodox theorist has thus come to assert specifically, not only the possibility, but the practical inevitability of temporary general overproduction in the sense of a deficiency of purchasing power in the hands of those who want to buy goods. The vigorous study now being given to the relation between the flow of purchasing power and the actual output of goods and services is full of promise for the ultimate control of the cycle.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

A New Marco Polo

Wandering in Northern China. By Harry A. Franck. The Century Company. \$5.

IN "Wandering in Northern China" Mr. Franck offers fresh delight to the growing number of vicarious travelers whom prudent regard for the American idol detains by their own firesides and office-desks, while an inborn longing sends their spirits in pursuit of adventure.

China has been a fascinating country to the traveler since Marco Polo brought thence tales of surpassing wealth and splendor. Her charm did not wane, though official visits were fewer, during many centuries when foreign visitors were admitted to her court only as representatives of vassal states owing tribute to the emperors upon the Dragon Throne. Interest was renewed when Western nations forced open doors for exploiting the immense natural resources of the empire and for preaching Christianity and marketing opium, tobacco, oil, and other blessings of civilization among its ignorant millions. And as its port cities became rapidly Europeanized and increasing numbers of Chinese students sought education abroad and ex-

cited hopes of its westernization, and especially after the government was suddenly democratized, a tide of travel turned toward China in the wake of commercial and benevolent enterprise. A modern traveler in quest of adventure must therefore leave the treaty ports with their complexities and comforts and seek in the interior the monuments and ruins, the glamor and filth of the oldest surviving civilization. Mr. Franck avoids also entangling alliances with commercial, political, and religious interests. He is merely a traveler who enjoys traveling and who wants to see for himself and to report what he sees with candor and fairness. Consequently, his account has much to offer the student as well as the fireside tourist.

Approaching China through Korea, he observes the efforts of the Japanese to introduce much-needed improvements and reforms in that picturesque and unhappy land. And he cannot help seeing that their brutality and blundering indifference to injustice hinder their efforts as reformers and damage their reputation as empire-builders. Across the border in Manchuria Japanese influence gives way to the strong military power of the war lord of the north, whose orderly rule at Mukden raises some hope of permanence and real progress. In northern Manchuria, and especially in Harbin, hordes of Russian refugees, hungry, proud, dissolute, and irresponsible, incapable of profiting by their most bitter experiences, tend to weaken, Mr. Franck feels, the doctrine of the supremacy of the white race. Struck by the character of these refugees the wanderer remarks: "a few days in northern Manchuria were enough to explain why the Jews are so powerful and so hated in Russia . . . almost enough to make clear the incredible success of bolshevism over common sense." Very few travelers have cared to risk the dangers of crossing the Gobi Desert to Urga, the holy city of Mongolia. There the filth and stupidity of the fierce Mongol nomads and the bestial superstition of Lamaism imported from Tibet are not mitigated by the actual but unrecognized rule of Russian "Reds" and natural good nature and tolerance have been replaced by suspicion and intrigue.

Wandering in the middle provinces, with a comfortable home in Peking as a center, brings Mr. Franck in contact with life and problems more essentially Chinese. Peking he finds a city of extraordinary contrasts—where, under an almost anarchistic republican regime, a woman is absolutely safe in any part of the city at any time of day or night, where a deposed emperor is supported by the republic that deposed him, and where camel trains and limousines, smart foreign officers and pig-tailed coolies jostle one another daily in Hata Men Street. To the south he visits Shantung, the province of Confucius, where the Chinese now have a chance to manage or ruin the railroads and well-planned city they have at last received from the Japanese. Further south, in the province of Honan is Kaifeng, which Feng Yü-hsiang, the Christian general, cleaned up during his six months' rule, and where a colony of Jews has been completely assimilated. In this province the Chinese unemployment problem breaks out in banditry under the very nose of Wu Pei-fu and the bandits by skilful use of foreign hostages and the pressure of foreign governments succeed in enforcing most of their demands upon the central Government. In Shansi, the "model province," he sees what a Chinese tuchun can do in improving schools, soldiers, and roads, eradicating banditry and opium and foot-binding, and making his province safer and more modern if less picturesque.

In the west he meets poverty and suffering combined with good nature and industry inconceivable to the stay-at-home. Here opium is still grown for the profit it brings, and wheat famine is frequent. Here foot-binding is so universal that the traveler himself exclaimed at the "ugliness" of a woman with natural feet. Here poverty, overpopulation, unemployment, and centuries of destruction not only of trees but even of their roots, with consequent failure of rainfall and the wearing away of the soil itself, have produced such depths of human misery that patience has become a curse. Yet this universal good

nature of the Chinese, together with their habitual industry, redeems the gloom of every traveler's tale of China and offers some hope of an ultimate solution of her problems.

It is regrettable that the author could not fulfil the hope held out in his foreword of representing Chinese words by phonetic symbols less mystifying than the usual romanization. But wholesale reform is doubtless impracticable. It is more regrettable that he did not by adding an index make "Wandering in Northern China" a valuable reference book as well as an informing and amusing companion of the fireside traveler. Its five hundred pages full of useful information do not deserve the neglect into which such an oversight will inevitably throw them.

CLARISSA RINAHER

The War and the Consequences Thereof

The Genesis of the War. By Herbert Henry Asquith. George H. Doran Company. \$6.

Where Are We Going? By David Lloyd George. George H. Doran Company. \$3.

IF books were priced according to their power of absorbing the reader's attention, it is Mr. Lloyd George's book that would cost the bigger sum and Mr. Asquith's the smaller. Mr. Asquith's might effectively be prescribed as a remedy for insomnia, while Mr. Lloyd George's would be better than a wet towel around the forehead at the end of a tiring day. The senior of the two ex-Premiers is anything but a dull speaker. But there is much in this volume that no one can struggle through who is not responsive to an overmastering sense of duty. Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, contrives to retain on the printed page the outstanding characteristics of his platform oratory. He is as vivid and stimulating as ever, especially by means of his amazing skill in summing up a situation in a graphic metaphor. What a descriptive reporter was lost to the press when he went into Parliament! The chapter in which he records successively his memories of the scene when Gladstone introduced his final Home Rule Bill and of the signing of the Irish Treaty at Downing Street is a masterpiece of realistic writing.

In the first sentence of his preface Mr. Asquith deprecates by implication any comparison with the other author-member of his family. "This book," he remarks, "is not an autobiography." Nor does it review either the war or the consequences thereof, but limits its scope to tracing the genesis of the war through all the antecedent stages up to the final outbreak. It is significant that references to the Kaiser take up the lion's share of the index. Somehow he seems to have got on Mr. Asquith's nerves, so much so that he is sometimes dragged in quite irrelevantly, as, e.g., in a discussion of his claims to scholarship. "A Polemic Against the Kaiser" would, indeed, have served fairly well as a subtitle for the book.

There is very little of the "Now It Can Be Told" about Mr. Asquith's story. It is mainly from material already accessible that he constructs his narrative of the formation of the Entente and of the efforts made by Lord Haldane's mission to Berlin and otherwise to maintain friendly relations between England and Germany. One notes that Mr. Asquith declares himself "as satisfied as one can be of anything in the domain of conjecture" that, if Baron Marschall had not died a few months after his appointment to the London Embassy, there would have been no European War in 1914. Opinions will differ as to whether his apologia for the foreign policy of Great Britain is adequate; whether, for instance, he satisfactorily disposes of the suspicion that her Government had tied its hands by the military and naval "conversations" with France. Moreover, he ignores the later revelations about the mobilization of Russia and its effect in precipitating the debacle. No unbiased person, however, can deny that he defends himself convincingly against the charge that the Government of which he was the head was inefficient or careless in its preparations against a possible war. Typical

of the thoroughness with which everything was arranged in advance was the compilation of the War Book, which incorporated all the plans that had been determined upon to meet that contingency. We are told that draft Orders in Council accompanied the King wherever he went in time of profound peace and were kept set up in type in the printer's office as well, so that on a sudden outbreak of war they could be circulated and put into operation at a moment's notice. Mr. Asquith is justly contemptuous of the popular scares that were fomented by people who should have known better. He speaks of the German invasion of England as "a chimerical danger with which the great authority of Lord Roberts alarmed the public imagination, and which, in deference to him, received careful and protracted investigation in 1907-8 by the Committee of Imperial Defense under my chairmanship."

If Mr. Asquith's book tells us of the Genesis of the War, Mr. Lloyd George's begins with the Exodus from it. The chapters herein collected "represent a running comment on the European situation during the past ten months." No hint is given of the circumstances in which these "periodic reviews" were made. We are left guessing whether they were originally entries in the author's diary, or letters to friends in the Antipodes, or—credible hypothesis!—contributions to the yellow press. The most obvious criticism of the book is suggested by its opening sentence, in which Mr. Lloyd George invites us to imagine the impression that present-day Europe would make on a man who had been wrecked on a desert island on a bright July morning in 1914 and had returned to civilization a week ago. Let us carry the speculation a little further and suppose this lucky fellow attempting to reconstruct, from a study of this volume, a record of its author's own activities and policies during the intervening period. After reading the chapter on The Treaty of Lausanne, with its picture of Britain, France, Italy, and the United States as helpless tarpon, lying on the bank with the Turkish hook in their gullets and without a swish left in their tails, how could our Robinson Crusoe suspect for a moment that David Lloyd George had himself contributed in the least degree to such an unhappy result? From the book as a whole he would naturally conclude that in the peace negotiations the British Premier of that day would have risked his political career, if that had been necessary, in order to prevent any settlement that had in it the faintest trace of greed or vengeance. "Enduring peace," we are solemnly assured, "can only rest on a foundation of justice." In the discussion of the tendencies that lead to war there are many pages of a criticism so scathing that we begin to wonder whether it is Lloyd George or Lowes Dickinson that we are reading, and they are accompanied by moral appeals so fervent that they might fittingly have come from an Archbishop of Canterbury.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Books in Brief

The Letters of Alciphron. Translated by F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

Another volume in the rapidly expanding series of Broadway Translations, which are designed to present some of the "more robust and human examples" of classical and medieval literature. Alciphron is delightfully modern, and the translator has contrived—with one or two discreet lapses into Latin—to give the flavor and color of the original.

Undertow. By Henry K. Marks. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

As the case history of a family of remarkable dulness and uninteresting degeneracy, this book possibly justifies itself. Its claim to consideration as literature can scarcely be allowed, although the sordidness is slapped on with such generosity that it cannot avoid an occasional touch of effectiveness. The author gives life a coat of tar and feathers, and thinks that he has clothed it in reality.

The Art of Poetry. Seven Lectures, 1920-1922. By William Paton Ker. Oxford University Press. \$2.

The professor of poetry at Oxford was a profound and witty scholar who is perhaps too little read in America. He knew more than Matthew Arnold did, was fairer, had more common sense, and loved poetry as well. All that he lacks is the narrow passion which made that other professor of poetry penetrate so far. In these vastly entertaining lectures on Shelley, Milton, Pope, Molière, Arnold, Romantic Fallacies, and *The Art of Poetry* he moves easily through a wide world of literature, stirring the memory to old enthusiasms which he deepens or corrects by the light of his accumulated wisdom.

The Viking Heart. By Laura Goodman Salverson. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

Earnestness, in lieu of the less cumbrous endowments of a truly gifted story teller, may be made to serve an honorable purpose in the writing of fiction, and has done so in this case. A solid and straightforward recital of life among Icelandic emigrants in Canada.

Second Contemporary Verse Anthology. Selected from the magazine *Contemporary Verse, 1920-1923*, by Charles Wharton Stork. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

Most of this is hundred per cent American verse—optimistic, mild, and mediocre.

From an American Legation. By Ira Nelson Morris. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

As a literary production, this book by the American minister to Sweden from 1914 to 1923 is even more neutral than Sweden tried to be. As a contribution to the now-it-can-be-told archives, it is a lamblike document with but few burrs of disillusion in its optimistic wool. Mr. Morris "seems to see a light ahead"; he affirms that "the only way to stop war is to remove its causes," and—without himself contributing anything very tangible toward the solution—manages to emerge with the hopeful, unembarrassed smile of a Sunday-school superintendent on a bright Sabbath morning.

The Philosophy of Civilization. By R. H. Towner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes. \$5.

The cornerstone of this curious work built up with baffling ingenuity, is that civilization rises and falls in accordance with mathematical law. There are many astounding corollaries. "Civilization has been contemporaneous with alcoholic temptation; savagery with prohibition." "Popular or democratic governments . . . are invariably anti-Christian." "A nation that obeys the gospel of Jesus will find mathematical law always in its favor." Mr. Towner's entire conception is too intricate for normal assimilation; it impresses one vaguely as a triumph of mathematics over mind.

Barnabé and His Whale. By René Thévenin. Translated by Ben Ray Redman. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$2.

Doubtless there is a public for such a translation as this, otherwise it would not be made. It strikes one, however, as rather feeble fantasy, deficient in ingenuity and halting in action. "So it appears"—to quote from page 155—"as Médor (called Poil Maudit) had discovered, and as Barnabé Tignol was to discover also some two months later, that the Vicomte Melchior de Frétilly and the student Jean Gautier were simply one and the same person. But why this double mystery? Zoë Croche, keenly intrigued by this mystery, could not postpone fathoming it. As for the reader, he has, no doubt, already guessed." Well, as for the reader, he has, no doubt, by this time, ceased to be "intrigued."

The Cults of Campania. By Roy Merle Peterson. American Academy in Rome. \$2.50.

In this volume of 400 pages Mr. Peterson treats exhaustively the ancient religions which have left records of themselves in the area between the Volturnus on the north and the peninsula

of Surrentum on the south, a district by reason of easy sea communication particularly susceptible to outside influence, and by reason of land routes very effective in the transmission of this influence to Rome. Its religious life included cults from Persia, Chaldea, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, and Africa, the native Italian cults, and Christianity itself. The cosmopolitan character of Campanian religion and culture, together with the presence of the important cities of Cumae, Baiae, Pompeii, Caqua, and Puteoli, lend to Mr. Peterson's work, despite its being primarily concerned with detail, a very considerable interest for the general reader as throwing light on the universal aspect of Italian and Roman civilization. The American Academy is to be congratulated on the success and the significance of this initial volume of its Papers and Monographs, and the American republic of letters on its able representation in Rome.

Brighter Intervals. By Gordon Phillips. London: Nisbet and Company, Ltd., 5 shillings.

With a deprecatory gesture, the author suggests that the contents of his book be taken lying down, since most books—"except French novels (which necessitate getting up and looking for the dictionary) and handbooks on golf"—are most easily assimilated in that posture. Mr. Phillips twangs a very light lyre; neither in his prose nor in his verse does he serenade a comic muse on a balcony much higher than his own head.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of \$100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1923 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Saturday, December 1, and not later than Monday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 13, 1924.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Legend

THE platitudinous "Bluebird" and the facile mysticism of the later essays have almost made us forget that when Maurice Maeterlinck was a young man he wrote a series of

beautiful dramatic legends that told in figures and symbols the story, which is as old as the world, of the fear that haunts men, fear of their fate in a homeless universe, fear that whatever is lovely and rare and therefore fragile will go down to disaster, fear, above all, of the inevitable end. Some of these legends, "Intérieur" and "Les Aveugles," Maeterlinck invented. And these invented dramatic legends are, strangely enough, the best. Others he borrowed from literature and tradition and clothed them in that atmosphere of awe-struck beauty which is his specific contribution to literature. It was absurd of Octave Mirbeau to call the young Fleming the "Belgian Shakespeare"; the admiration which Maeterlinck's early plays evoked was not absurd. To recall them today seems to me peculiarly useful because we have many new plays that are symbolical and obscure. Maeterlinck is never that. The early plays are never flatly didactic like the "Bluebird"; they are crystalline in spite of their somberness of mood. The mind may not always be able to formulate their meaning which never fails, however, to find the soul.

"Pelléas and Mélisande" is, of course, a retelling of the story of Paolo and Francesca. But it withdraws that story from both the tumult and the accidents of time and place and definite law and custom and makes it the story of the pitifulness of hearts that must be free and that are doomed. All the hearts here are pitiful, even the angry and deluded heart of Golaud. The lovers of the story have no hope from the first and must give their all for that one immortal moment of the cry of Pelléas: "All's lost, all's saved." And the conclusion of the story, which is in truth the conclusion of all mortal stories, is in the words of the wise old king: "If I were God how I would pity the hearts of men."

It is late in the day to remark upon the style of the dramatic dialogue in these plays of Maeterlinck. But it seems not yet to be understood. Its method is the method of understatement which we find in popular legends and folksongs, the method of laconic speech with tragic implications rather than that of passionate outburst and relief. The constant use of this method will often degenerate into mannerism. But it has moments of beautiful effectiveness, of ample power, like that moment in which the cry of Mélisande, "I am not happy!" strikes deeper than many tirades in verse and prose.

The production at the Times Square Theater has its inequalities both in respect of scenic investiture and the interpretation of the text. The playing of the first scene of the first act is incredibly out of key. Here Maeterlinck's tragic hints are twisted into loud realistic chatter. It is fair to say that Mr. Reicher recovered the characteristic music of the piece almost at once and did not fail either to hear or to express it again. Mr. Rollo Peter's designs are unequal, too. But the best of them give a very poignant sense of those desperate though magic casements on the marge of a sunless sea, and many of his scenic moments are superbly "composed" and one remembers figures that stood still on the stage for only a second but remain fixed in the mind.

Miss Cowl is to be most highly commended for her selection of the play. No actress of today has had a braver or more artistic inspiration than this of following "Romeo and Juliet" with "Pelléas and Mélisande." Soon we shall altogether forget that there ever were such pieces as "Lilac Time" and "Smilin' Through." And the possibility of our being able to forget those plays augurs well for the future of our stage. Miss Cowl's performance, like the production, has one or two moments in which the key of the play's inner music—and that is everything here—is lost. Especially her cry at the moment of the murder of Pelléas, her cry of grief and terror, is far too realistic and rends the atmosphere. But throughout the greater part of the evening she has the mild grace and awe and tenderness and passion always on the edge of doom which the playing requires, and she and her associates melt effortlessly into this timeless legend of what is of all time.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Who's Who in Mexico?

WHAT forces support President Obregon in the present revolutionary disturbances in Mexico? Charges have been made that only the extreme radical forces, the "Bolsheviks" of Mexico, are behind the present Government and that the moderate labor leaders and organizations as well as the upper and middle classes are behind his opponents. The documents presented below show where Mexican labor officially stands, and indicate certain of the lines dividing the forces now in opposition. The statement from General Calles printed at the end gives an idea of the position taken by the members of Obregon's Government. These documents have not been published elsewhere in English.

A Message to Gompers

A STATEMENT by the Mexican Federation of Labor, containing the text of a telegram sent to Samuel Gompers, was published on December 9.

In order that the false reports which are being sent to the United States may not be wrongly interpreted by American labor, the leaders of the Regional Federation have hastened to send a report to the president of the American Federation of Labor, asking at the same time the help of his supporters in combating the reactionaries residing in American territory. The telegram reads as follows:

MEXICO, December 8. Mr. Samuel Gompers, Washington, D. C.: Undoubtedly you have knowledge that some military elements, led by Guadalupe Sanchez, are revolting against the Government and that the head of the rebellion is the prevaricator Adolfo de la Huerta. This armed movement is attempting again to establish reaction and to revive the practice of enslaving the common people that once prevailed here. We have the honor to communicate to you that the Regional Mexican Federation of Labor absolutely supports the Government of President Obregon, and that we are getting ready to organize armed groups of workers to fight the revolution on the field whither the struggle has been carried and on which the labor movement does not refuse to accept the fight again. We are asking in the name of labor solidarity the support of the Pan-American Federation to avoid especially the development of enemy movements in that country.

Fraternally,

Gen. Sec'y, RICARDO TREVINO,
Sec'y of the Interior, R. CERVANTES TORRES.

Labor's Stand

THE Central Committee of the Mexican Federation of Labor issued on December 7 a general manifesto pledging the support of the organized workers of Mexico to the Government of President Obregon. A brief summary of the statement follows:

For some time the workers of the state of Vera Cruz and especially the workers of the country regions have been the victims of innumerable assaults on the part of the military by order of General Guadalupe Sanchez. Therefore this federation will oppose with pleasure the rebellion of Sanchez and all those who may follow him because it means the defense of the revolution in general and of the labor movement in particular. We beg to communicate to you the fact that we are sending instructions to the various sections of the confederation so that members may hasten to organize armed groups to combat the

forces of the reaction which aim to reestablish the regime of inequality and slavery.

From the Artists and Writers

NOT only the manual workers but the organized artists and intellectuals have offered their support to the Obregon Government. On December 7 they sent to the President of the Republic the following telegram:

The League of Revolutionary Writers and the syndicate of technical workers, painters, and sculptors condemn the attitude of General Sanchez and Estrada and hasten to offer to the Government all moral and material assistance at our command.

Affectionately,

C. GUTIERREZ CRUZ, Gen. Sec'y.

D. ALFARO SILGUEIRROS, Gen. Sec. de Syndicate.

This League published a manifesto stating that the landowners of the so-called leagues of employers had used Mr. De la Huerta as a dummy and had taken up arms to fight the interests of the common people. This manifesto concludes as follows:

The common people must understand thoroughly their situation, and must not be taken by surprise by politicians who call themselves their friends and yet have joined the reactionary cause. This is happening in certain elements of the General Confederation of Labor who have been induced by the money of the middle class to oppose the agriculturists in order to divide the common people and put it under the yoke of landowners and exploitation. Comrades: the situation is clear cut: On the one side you will find wealthy landowners, on the other the farm worker and the laborer. Unite to defend the revolutionary principles, if necessary taking up arms in support of the present Government, while it defends the constitutional provisions which favor the laborers. In this manner we may respond to the call of the executive to laboring classes as direct participants in the social policy dictated by the present administration.

The League of Revolutionary Writers places itself on the side of the common people and the revolutionary principles, and it proposes to undertake a strong newspaper and oral campaign to fortify the conscience of its class—which the farm worker and the laborer so greatly need at this decisive moment for their economic, political, and social life. . . .

Mexican Labor's Pledge

THE Labor Party which represents in the political field the organized workers of Mexico sent the following message to President Obregon on December 6:

In the name of the Mexican Labor Party, formed by laborers and peasants, I hasten to express to you our firm purpose to collaborate with you in the new situation which has been created by the disloyal members of the army who have placed themselves at the disposal of De la Huerta and are supporting . . . the institutions of the reaction which proposes to take away the conquests which the working people of Mexico have won after long years of hard and bloody struggle. Today, as yesterday, our group is ready to occupy the place which, in its program of action, the Government may give to it. This committee which I have the honor to represent is addressing itself to the laboring class of the republic, showing the necessity of organizing properly and efficiently in order to declare a war to the finish on those who have declared themselves enemies to liberty and the progress to which the common people aspire. . . .

For the Committee,

Mexico City

LUIS N. MORONES

Obregon's Message

THE following is a reply from President Obregon to a telegram sent to him by the Department of War announcing the rebellion of General Sanchez:

General Francisco R. Serrano, Secretary of War and Navy, Mexico: I have just read your message advising me as to the happenings in Vera Cruz. Notwithstanding the poor condition of my health am leaving tomorrow for the capital to dictate from there all the necessary measures to suppress the uprising that some military men, due to their ignorance of the significance of military honor, have started against the powers of the union and our institutions.

For some time General Guadalupe Sanchez, due to the influence which the reaction had made upon him, has shown his resistance to the development and fulfilment of the social program which has been the purpose of this Government. Never before have the people of the republic enjoyed greater liberty and never has the working class of the country experienced such benefits as the program of the revolution has made a fact. . . .

Please communicate to all the chiefs of operations the defection of General Sanchez, making it known that the executive will find support in the great majority of the army, which, to our pride, is giving loyalty and obedience to our institutions. . . . If necessary the executive will call upon the rural and other laboring classes of the country to collaborate with the Government in imposing peace and punishing the treason of the disloyal soldiers.

ALVARO OBREGON,

President of the Republic

Celaya, December 6

General Calles on Mexico's Traitors

THE manifesto in which General Calles relinquished his candidacy in the presidential campaign and offered his services to Obregon against the rebels is published below:

When I accepted the candidacy for President of the Republic which was offered me by political groups I announced definitely that my fundamental purpose, if I succeeded, was to continue the work initiated by General Obregon of carrying into practice the social reforms which comprise the aspirations of the Mexican people. General Obregon has been, as a matter of fact, the first executive who has known how to direct his political work toward the ideal of social improvement which the Mexican revolution has followed since 1910. His Government has been the first to realize, as rapidly as constitutional provisions have allowed, an efficient redistribution of lands and at the same time it has been the first to offer facilities for the development of labor organizations enabling the industrial worker to reap the benefits of the social program contained in the constitution of 1917.

It was natural that the reaction should try to prevent the consolidation of a regime so firmly established on a program of social reform and, impotent to stop this movement by a victory at the polls of a reactionary candidacy, it attempted to gain through tumultuous uprising what it could not win on the legal ground of civil activities. Finding that their efforts to stir antagonism to President Obregon and his revolutionary policies through the press were fruitless, and having lost their parliamentary majority, the last hope of the De la Huerta group . . . they turned to the discredited method of the coup d'etat, seeking uselessly to direct this against a government identified with the interests of the masses. The neo-reactionaries, headed by Enrique Estrada and Guadalupe Sanchez (the two sworn enemies of agrarian reform and the accomplices of the landowners of Jalisco and Vera Cruz), forget that the majority of those who make up the federal army preserve their revolutionary idealism and that for the first time in our history the revolutionary army finds itself by reason of its origin bound to the common people of the country and the city and likewise to the middle class which

has responded to the cause of the workers. The reaction foolishly thought that the revolutionary sentiment had decreased, but much to its surprise and terror it appeared from the beginning of the campaign in my behalf (which represented a social rather than a political movement) that supporters of the revolution of all colors had consolidated as a single unit around the radical candidacy which I represented, and they knew how to distinguish clearly the deceiving tendencies of a man, who, in spite of the many evils he has caused and still may cause through his defection from the revolutionary ranks, has produced the socially useful result of drawing the lines clearly between the false and the genuine revolutionaries of Mexico.

In any event, as the reaction has committed the turpitude of abandoning the ground of legality to place itself in a field in which it is undoubtedly weak—that of an armed struggle against the majority of farm workers and laborers, backed by a revolutionary government and army—let us . . . defend once more with arms the revolutionary principles represented by the Government of General Obregon now menaced by the new reactionaries, heirs of the traditions of Comonfort and Santa Ana.

In the face of this threat it is my duty, like that of all sincere revolutionaries, to offer my services to the President of the Republic and to place myself at his disposal so that he may use me in any place which, revolutionary soldier that I am, he deems advisable to give me. . . .

With the same enthusiasm with which they were working in the electoral campaign I know that the peasants and the laborers of the republic and the generous youth of the middle class which has responded to their sufferings and their anxieties, will offer their breasts to the reaction, to defend to the last the legal institutions of our country and to seal with their blood our agreement to labor energetically for the social betterment.

Mexico, D. F., December, 1923

P. ELIAS CALLES

Imperial America in Haiti

THE tide of protest against the American occupation in Haiti appears to be rising again, largely as a result of the imposition of new internal taxes made necessary by the American loan. The following letters sent by M. Georges Sylvain, administrator of the Haitian Patriotic Union, and former minister plenipotentiary in Paris, to the editors of *The Nation* give one side of the picture.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the last letter I wrote you, the political situation of the country has grown worse.

January 1 is the constitutional date for the meeting of the primaries which have to elect the representatives and the senators. But Mr. Borno is against any primaries, because it is much easier for him to govern without any Haitian control with the so-called Councilors of State, who are appointed by him and subject to dismissal at his own will. What is much more grave is that he is hiding behind the power of the Government of the United States, which, he claims, has consented to his preventing reconstruction of the legislative body. This has increased discontent all over the country.

Three well-known citizens, leaders of the national cause, were brutally arrested, in the course of a meeting at Cape Haitien, legally convened in a cinema-hall, by gendarmes under the command of marine officers, who entered the place under the pretext of restoring, although they had themselves disturbed, order by using brute force on the bystanders. These three gentlemen are Mr. Jolibois, editor of the *Courrier Haitien*, Elie Guérin, and Edouard Bénédict.

Mr. Jolibois, particularly hated by the American occupation, because he never ceases to denounce in his paper its abuses, was, in company with his two partners, giving a series of lectures throughout the country, urging election of the legislative body. Before the meeting took place, they had arrested with-

out any reason and in contempt of the law the Wesleyan minister, Auguste Albert, a man universally held in great esteem, whose moral integrity commands the highest respect, because he was giving his help to the three nationalist leaders. For six days these three gentlemen have been kept in solitary confinement, falsely accused of having incited the people to riot.

The police magistrate of the court of Cape Haitien has not been allowed to communicate with the prisoners or to investigate the case. That means that the so-called Haitian Government does not intend to send them before their natural judges, but intends to have them court-martialed by American officers, from whom Mr. Borno expects a barbarous sentence.

Will you ask the Government of the United States that these three Haitian gentlemen, whose only crime is that of defending the rights of their fatherland, be tried by those to whom the law of the land gives the power to try them?

Port au Prince, October 22

GEORGES SYLVAIN

P. S. After the Government of the United States had ordered its military agents not to bring the three journalists arrested at Cape Haitien before a court martial but to let Haitian justice take its course, the local police magistrate ordered their release, since no crime had been charged against them. But the President, M. Louis Borno, was determined to have his revenge. He took up two items which had appeared in the *Courrier Haitien* several days before without attracting attention, and made them the basis for charges against its editors. Jolibois and Guérin have been put in jail again, and they, as well as those who were in charge of the paper in their absence, are to be persecuted anew. M. Borno's policy is so incoherent that even his friends cannot understand it. Popular discontent is mounting. Some have suggested to him that it might help to reestablish calm if he should return to legal administration by legislative elections.

October 31

G. S.

Another side of the picture, not without its shadows also, is given in the following letter from Senator Medill McCormick, chairman of the senatorial commission which investigated conditions in Haiti in 1921, to President Coolidge. The events to which M. Sylvain refers may have had something to do with Senator McCormick's letter.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I beg to refer again to the development of American policy in Haiti which we discussed very briefly when I was in Washington.

Peace is established throughout the republic. The peasant in his hut and the traveler are secure alike from governmental oppressors and from bandits, as they have not been in many a long day. The debt has been funded and moneys have been found for public works. A system of arterial highways is nearing completion. The cities for the first time in Haitian history are well policed, clean, and sanitary. For some months a legal adviser has been making studies looking to the improvement of the administration of justice, and an agricultural adviser has been making studies presumably looking to the increase in agricultural production. In my humble judgment, the information acquired by the legal and agricultural advisers ought to be translated into action. All Haiti is still under military or martial law and nothing, or practically nothing, has been done to improve Haitian agriculture, or to import into Haiti sires—swine, bulls, or draft animals—to improve the native breeds by crossing.

Your predecessor, during the campaign of 1920, severely condemned the policy of the Democratic administration in Haiti. A committee of the United States Senate, without regard to party, unanimously recommended a policy for Haiti which has been carried out in part, but which remains unfulfilled in so far as it proposed the reformation of the civil courts, the abolition of martial law, and the improvement of Haitian agriculture through the employment of American instructors trained at Tuskegee. Inquiry indicates that the American occupation,

so-called, has been eminently successful in establishing and maintaining peace; in reorganizing the public finances, in taking measures for public health, in building highways, but that it has failed to give due emphasis to restoring the supremacy of the civil law and of the civil courts, and to the employment of those American agricultural instructors trained at Tuskegee who are best adapted to be stationed at points in the countryside for the instruction of the Haitian peasantry.

I have no disposition to pass any unfriendly judgment upon those Americans who have devotedly and effectively served the Haitian people. But I think the time has come when in the discharge of our duty to the Haitian people to secure their civil liberties, to develop their wealth we ought to send to Haiti a commission to inquire anew as to the facts, and to make recommendations to the governments of Haiti and of the United States. I venture to suggest that such a commission be composed of men like Dr. George Vincent, of New York; Albert George, of Chicago; President A. B. Denwiddie, of Tulane University, and Robert R. Moton, of Tuskegee.

Chicago, November 13

MEDILL MCCORMICK

Haiti Appeals to the World

DANTES BELLEGARDE, the Haitian diplomat whose speeches, particularly in behalf of the Hottentots, attracted such general attention in recent meetings of the Assembly of the League of Nations, signs the following appeal to the public opinion of the world:

Whereas, the Government of the United States of America intervened in the domestic affairs of the Republic of Haiti in July, 1915, although the Haitian people had committed no violation of the rules of international law and had not imperiled the lives or interests of American citizens;

Whereas, as a result of this intervention a convention was imposed upon the Republic of Haiti, in which the Government of the United States agreed to give its material aid to Haiti in order to develop the economic resources of the country, while reserving the right to name specialists to aid the technical advisers of the Haitian Government in the organization of certain public services;

Whereas, this convention has not been carried out in the benevolent spirit which was said to have inspired it, the promised aid has not been given, and the American officials appointed to serve in Haiti (whose technical competence has often been subject to question) have exceeded their role as counselors and have transformed themselves into veritable dictators—which is stated and proved in official documents transmitted to the Government at Washington, especially in a message from the President of Haiti to the President of the United States, dated January 24, 1921;

Whereas, the Republic of Haiti has been occupied by American troops since 1915, although it has never been at war with the United States and although domestic peace is assured there by a local gendarmerie commanded by American officers;

Whereas the unjustified prolongation of such a regime of military occupation is at once an intolerable violation of the principles of public international law and a humiliation for the Haitian nation, an attack upon its territorial integrity, and a limitation of the full exercise of its sovereignty;

Whereas, the Republic of Haiti is a charter member of the League of Nations and no people anxious for justice and respectful of law can be indifferent to the situation imposed;

Be it Resolved, that the International Union of Associations for the League of Nations should put the Haitian question upon the agenda of its next meeting, and that meanwhile it should ask all its members to interest public opinion in their respective countries in the fate of the Haitian people.

The Haitian Association for the League of Nations,

DANTES BELLEGARDE, President

Port au Prince, August 21, 1923